Reader's Digest

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NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

AUGUST, 1930

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The Gift of Vision

Of two men at the beach, one sees only waves, sand and seaweed; the other, a scientist, beholds a vast world in miniature, teeming with fascinating life: the moon snail boring murderously into a mussel's shell; hermit crabs fighting over a female; fiddler crabs stealthily emerging from their burrows; Orchestia the sand flea keeping the beach wholesome by its scavenging; pipe fish, sea robins and a host of other creatures enacting an eternal drama of which the layman is not even hazily aware.

These two men differ not in power of eye. The difference lies in the acquired knowledge behind their eyes. And the scientist, who sees *because he knows what to see*, crams more satisfying experience into an hour than the rest of us do in a day.

He is the happiest, the most successful, who *sees most* as he moves over life's shifting stage. Vision! Do we not best describe great leaders when we call them "men of vision?" Their vision lies not in eyesight but comes from minds richly stored with knowledge, nourished by wide reading in every spare moment.

One who contributes anonymously to our fund for the blind, described on page 383, comments thus:

"In a sense I think that all of us in this gruelling world are blind — blind to manifold phases of life that we are too busy or too ill-informed to see. The Reader's Digest helps us to learn what lies beyond the rut of our own affairs, opening up many sharply-etched vistas, to the greater enjoyment of our days."

Because many readers tell us that The Reader's Digest brings them this gift of broader vision, we hope they will help us extend its service to others, through the plans we offer on page 383 and on our back cover.

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The Reader's Digest

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Ninth Year AUGUST 1930 Vol. 17, No. 100

America Discovers Itself

Condensed from Vogue (June 21, '30)

A NEW passion has swept over the country. We have begun to get an intellectual "kick" out of ourselves. All things American have become suddenly exciting. The prize novel of the year deals with a young Navajo of New Mexico. The prize play is laid at a glorified Southern fish-fry. There is a zest in the air for clambakes and canoes and corn on the cob. A cowboy is a creature to know. Quite naturally, we have taken more to travel in all the cooler states of the Union, and are finding that there is romance and adventure in rubbernecking, American plan.

What a varied summer menu this great country dishes up to us, with what astounding contrasts! Newport à la mode, Cape Cod on the half-shell, Maine nature, Wyoming surglace, Hollywood cocotte, Alaska surprise.

The West is opening up newer and wilder lands for the holidays, in addition to the famous ranches in the Big Horn, Cody, and Sheridan districts of Wyoming, and Lake Tahoe and out beyond the magnificent scenery of Jasper and Banff and Lake Louise. The world is investigating dude ranches in Montana.

Ranch life gets into the blood. In Wyoming, the sun is strong, the nights are cold, and you drop to sleep under heavy blankets, drugged by the clear, dry air. The most tearing dissipation is riding 20 miles or more across country to the one dance of the summer at a neighboring ranch.

Stop high up at Paradise Inn for a few days of skiing and tobogganing on Mount Ranier. Then, turn south, and you will taste another, but still distinctively American flavor — the

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barren, beautiful country of Taos and Santa Fé. Santa Fé is hot, but the nights are cool. You take guides and go off on pack trips to where the Navajos do their dance or down into the beautiful Cañon de Chelly or the Cañon del Muerto, sleeping at night right out on the desert, under the stars.

We are going to California more in the summer and getting a tremendous thrill out of our own great transcontinental trains. We are hopping on boats at New York and going west through the Canal, refreshed by the blowing trade-winds, stopping at Balboa and again at San Diego, whence a motor or plane will fly you for the day over to Caliente, the gambling hell where talkie kings and queens gamble away the fabulous wages of their golden curls and million-dollar smiles.

There is a regular air service, now, from San Diego over the Mexican mountains, formerly crossed by mules, to Mexico City, and, contrary to popular opinion, Mexico City is not hot in the summer, for it sits in a draught on a high plateau. It is a fascinating spot for a week or so of foreign life, of snooping for junk and ancient Mexican embroideries, for sightseeing the magnificent Aztec remains.

If you must have life cruder, take a boat at Seattle for Vancouver and cruise northwards among the islands of Alaska. Take pack trips off into the interior, where the aurora borealis zigzags and overspreads the heavens with pillars and spirals more uncannily and brilliantly than anywhere else in the world. After the first of September, you can hunt moose, elk, and bear.

Back in the effete East, where virgin sea is scarce and virgin land is scarcer, we are beginning to look for adventure in the clouds. You can charter a plane and a pilot, by telephone, whenever a Friday seems too hot, and take your friends off for a week-end in the air. Every hour or so takes you a hundred miles farther away from the melting macadam of New York. You can also charter boats of every size and description and cruise up the New England coast, stopping in for a dinner here, a dance there, or a lobster de luxe at Newport.

At Nantucket and Edgartown and at quiet coves on the Cape like Mattapoisett and Falmouth, Sandwich and Hyannis, a simpler life goes on, in the windy wooden cottages swept at night by the lighthouse beacons. You can study painting at Provincetown or at Gloucester, or on the North Shore. There is swimming and sailing. Old captains teach small boys to sail. There are clambakes on the beach, run by local clambakers, with luscious clams and lobsters steamed in wet seaweed, prefaced by cocktails and fol-

lowed by singing till all hours on the sands.

Up in Maine, the tang of salt air is mixed with the rich smell of pine. Over in New Hampshire and Vermont, there is still another American taste. When the hordes of tourists have diminished a little on the roads and the rugged Old Man of the Mountains looks down once more on solitude, there are nice, rambly old-fashioned New England inns to be stayed in, where pie à la mode is still to be had, and you linger on into the late autumn, while the trees are turning beside the white meeting-houses, and the maple sugar is good, and the long, lean farmers in their long, lean Yankee drawl begin to "reckon on gittin' down to the fair at Springfield."

The New World feeling is even stronger in Canada. In those little villages of Nova Scotia, like Digby and Chester, there are inns and cottages to be rented; the fishing is marvelous, and the life is simple and agreeably unfashionable. New Brunswick is a land of virgin woods, and, if you like solitude, canoeing is much more idyllic than in Maine or the Adirondacks. Saint Andrews, in Canada, is a good place for golf. Murray Bay, on the Saint Lawrence, is one of the oldest of all the Canadian resorts. Some few, like the Cabots, have taken the old seigneuries of the district and restored them and their prosperous white barns. Others rent the habitant shacks with their funny, scooped-out pagoda roofs, perched high up on ledges looking out over the Saint Lawrence.

The South has its own playgrounds that likewise attract the Northerners. White Sulphur and Hot Springs are lovely in summer. It's hot and sweet-smelling of pine, magnolia, cedar, and jasmin in those Virginia mountains. So it's wiser to be langorous than strenuous. The Southerners go by motor as their ancestors went there by coach, followed by huge families of black servants and hills of trunks.

All Southerners, however, do not feel that it is imperative to travel in hot weather. With covered verandas upstairs and down, doors and windows built to create currents of air, flowers inside and out, green jalousie blinds as in Cuba, they abandon, wisely, all social life in the sunlit hours.

There are breakfasts with relays of hot waffles on awninged up-stairs verandas, iced watermelon and chilled scuppernong wine served by old Negroes in white coats in the late afternoons after siesta. Then the glitter of Southern nights, the singing of darkies somewhere in the dark, the splashing into pools . . . not such a bad summer existence, is it? And very American at that!

Why We Have Not Seen the Last of War

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (July, '30)

John Bassett Moore, Former Judge of the World Court

As interviewed by Herbert Brucker

SINCE the last of the soldiers — Boches, Poilus, Tommies, Yanks, and the rest — were buried in the sod over which they had fought the War to End Wars, there have been twelve years of talk. With some show of interest a war-weary generation has listened to those who preach the various, by no means always harmonious, gospels of peace. "It must not happen again," is the burden of their homilies. And some there are who believe that peace either has been, or soon will be, assured forever.

But there is no such guaranty, nor is any now discernible in the future. The collection of treaties, covenants and pacts that looks like a guaranty, still allows the world to rock uneasily when a conflict of interests or of policies looms up.

Such at least is the conviction of John Bassett Moore, retired Judge of the World Court — more accurately the Permanent Court of International Justice — who may be found these days surrounded by shelves of books in the study of his New York apartment. His present task is to prepare a monumental work in many volumes, digesting the efforts of mankind throughout all history to settle disputes between nation and nation by peaceful means.

Here surely is a man of peace. But he by no means agrees with our pacifists.

"I do not share the widely current but shallow supposition that, as the result of improved means of communication, international wars are no more to be expected," declares Judge Moore. "They tell us that the steam railroad, the modern ocean liner, the telegraph, the telephone, radio, movies, and airplanes have brought nations so close together that, realizing that they cannot afford to fight, they will refrain from doing so. Propinquity does not always breed affection. Nor do men always count the cost before they come to blows.

"While modern communications seem to have made the world smaller, steam, electricity, and gasoline carry us no farther, except a few miles skyward, than did horse and sail. Modern inventions may carry us more quickly; but, in the words of the popular song, our ancestors got there just the same.

"As regards the effect of pro-

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pinquity, take France and Germany. When the telegraph was invented the prediction was constantly and confidently made that nations, being brought into closer touch, would learn to love one another and to dwell together in peace and amity. But railways and telegraphs never were needed to bring France and Germany within quick and common reach. Dwelling side by side for centuries, they had daily passed their thin divisional line for purposes of peace or of war. Meanwhile, how much had they learned to understand, to appreciate and to love one another? From the close of the Napoleonic wars until the conflict of 1870 there was a lapse of 55 years; from the peace of 1871 until the late war there was an armed truce of hardly 44 years. The supposition that international good-will specially characterizes the relations of neighboring peoples is unfounded."

To those who see the hope of the future in some universal guaranty of peace — some league or pronunciamento — Judge Moore wishes well. But he thinks they tend to overlook international realities.

As regards the use of force, one can, he says, draw a sharp line between Europe and America. Abroad they put their faith in various agreements which revolve around the idea of guaranteeing, by force or otherwise, security from the aggressor. Here we put faith in the comfortable belief that our word is law in the Western Hemisphere, that we want no wars, and that it is enough to tell the world so — while the same old conflicts of interest between nations go steadily on.

He who travels abroad with a seeing eye, Judge Moore believes, will, so far as concerns Europe, sympathize with the European point of view. He sees for himself how real is their history of aggressions and bloodshed. But at the same time he will be greatly annoyed with the unkind and unjust things Europe often says of Uncle Sam. When in this country, the same man will have a warm spot in his heart for America's pacific intentions. But he will look with amazement on those Americans who see in Europeans nothing but a depraved lot of foreigners looking for trouble.

The clash of views becomes more apparent when the United States and Europe get together to hatch out some system of assuring world peace. At the recent naval conference it was said, you remember, that if America would promise to "consult" with other nations in time of trouble, France would agree to cut her naval tonnage sharply. What France meant by "consultation"

was a pact that would bring her help when, in her opinion, she was attacked.

"And this brings us to another difficulty. How are you to know when a nation is 'aggressively' attacked. The supposition that, when war breaks out, it will always be clear who is the 'aggressor,' gained great currency in the excited times when it was readily asserted and believed that the late war was premeditated and brought on by the sole act of Germany. But this assertion has never been seriously entertained by persons intelligently familiar with the sordid diplomacy of the 15 years that preceded the war.

"Often nations have simply drifted into war through what may be called a normal conflict of interests.

"Another popular fallacy is the idea that an unwillingness to arbitrate may be accepted as conclusive indication of the 'aggressor.' The beaming proponents of this theory forget the judgment of Solomon, who, as between two women, each of whom claimed to be the mother of the child, awarded it to the one who refused to have it cut in two. Nor do true owners welcome the expenses and hazards of litigation, even though they may prefer it to a contest by violence."

All of which may seem to "optimists" to point to a gloomy future. But Judge Moore will not condemn the world to an eternity of wars. All he asks is that talk of war and peace will be put on a different basis.

It is necessary to recognize, he argues, that there will always exist conflicts of interest between nations. An enlightened foreign policy will, admitting this, put a nation's interests in the hands of diplomats who will frankly, but honestly and fairly, advocate and try to adjust those interests. In case diplomacy fails to bring an adjustment, we should cultivate the habit of submitting these conflicts to judicial settlement; and if, in spite of all peaceful efforts, war should nevertheless come, we should not despairingly cry out that courts and arbitral boards are worthless. On the contrary, we should seek to strengthen them. No one proposed to sweep away the Supreme Court because it failed to stop the Civil War. Stopping wars is only incidentally the business of courts. Their primary business is to settle disputes.

As to the technique of diplomacy Judge Moore says, "If you cannot convince your adversary, do not try to overreach him or humiliate him. While partial advantages thus gained are seldom profitable, remember that justice and mutual respect are the only foundations of enduring amity."

Why Cops Go Wrong

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (May 31, '30)

Walter Davenport and Emanuel H. Lavine

Mr. Lavine has been a night police reporter for twenty-five years

THE cops of 25 years ago were neighborhood ornaments; today cops are men of the world. I remember Officer Fogarty who, ponderously and pompously, strolled his assigned beat past my home in those old days. He was a typical harness bull, — a fat friend of the people. In his hard-boiled gray helmet he would gallop up six dark flights to rescue Mrs. Brody from the clutches of her drunken husband. He would solace the bereaved, stand up at weddings and christenings, give advice to the lovelorn, get out the Tammany vote, discourage all Republicans, stand guard over the beer at wakes, take up collections for coal for the Smulskys, mend dolls and velocipedes, arbitrate the quarrels of children and parents and stop an occasional runaway horse.

I think Mr. Fogarty got $40 a week which he managed to supplement with a little understood graft — a ham or a roast for the Sunday table, free forage on apple carts and peanut stands, a turkey at Thanksgiving and Christmas and free tickets for the missus and the children at the Bijou Dream.

Mr. Fogarty and his fellows would have been outraged at a recent police incident. As the patrolmen were leaving their precinct headquarters a captain called one of them aside.

"Listen," said he, "this afternoon at two be about a block north of the Blank garage. A guy will come up to you and say his name's Fagan, see? You telephone me that he's there, see? I'll be right down. That's all."

At two Fagan reported to the cop. The latter had been doing a bit of thinking. Instead of telephoning he said:

"You're Fagan, hey? Well, let's see. Where'd you come from?"

"The garage."

"O. K.," said the cop. "Let's have a look."

Inside the warehouse the inquisitive cop beheld three five-ton trucks loaded with beer. Now, Mr. Fogarty would have made a ghastly mess of it — probably arrested somebody — but this cop was of a newer, smarter school.

"Who's skipper of this fleet?" he demanded.

"I am," said the important person. "The captain said —"

"Yeah?" sneered the cop.

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"Well, you're talking to me, see? Gimme."

They gave him a thousand dollars and went. The cop called the captain, who arrived to find the garage empty.

"Listen, you crook," stormed the cheated captain. "I'll —"

"What'll you do?" scoffed the cop, patting his favorite pocket. "Turn me in? Let's you and me go down to the inspector or the commissioner. Or if that don't suit you, I'll shoot it out with you right here."

"You dirty stick-up," wept the captain. But the cop kept the money.

Yes, a keener, more alert cop protects us today. Old-timers couldn't have been so shrewd as the two rookies who were responsible for the downfall of one of our most important bootleggers. These two young business men compared notes one morning.

"Funny," said the first, "the captain says I don't need to report tonight."

"Yeah?" said the second. "My post's next to yours and the captain told me I needn't report either. Wonder what's coming through?"

They decided to report anyway, though not officially and not in uniform. Their patience was rewarded. About midnight a caravan of hard liquor came rolling up the street. Unlimbering their guns and displaying their badges they halted the parade.

"It'll cost you boys just two grand," they said. "That's one grand for each of us and if that ain't giving you the breaks, we ask you."

But there was nobody on the liquor with that much money. Whereat the two rookies led the trucks to a police station, being very careful that it shouldn't be their own precinct house, and while they won a brief scattering acclaim as incorruptibles, they also won the remorseless hatred of the captain who thought he had given them a night off.

"The captain was to blame," a sergeant carefully explained in private. "That's what he gets for being a hog. He might have cut those two rookies in for $500 apiece and saved the racket."

Every so often, when the city becomes overpopulated with racketeers and stick-up gentry, orders issue from headquarters to round up the crooks. Not an evildoer must escape. Understand? The sinks of iniquity are to be permanently demolished. Permanently, mind you.

Nine cops out of ten will fare forth to execute this laudable mandate, hoping against hope that it is more than an advertising campaign. But they go at it halfheartedly; they've seen too many of these bids for favorable publicity end with the first scream;

therefore they take no chances of being murdered by cornered hopheads. Why be a sacrificial goat on a political altar that may collapse tomorrow?

The assault upon the dives made, and the cells crammed, the shyster lawyers arrive, their pockets filled with writs and their mouths with energetic phrases. The law has it that you have to prove a man guilty of something before the state has the privilege of being his host for any considerable time. And most of these prisoners have simply been docketed as "suspicious persons."

In the morning the prisoners are herded into a magistrate's court. Their lawyers demand an immediate hearing. Hearing on what? Suspicion? Suspicion of what? The magistrate chases them all out into heaven's free air. The great purge is over.

But suppose a zealous detective picks up a crook whom he has every reason to believe possesses the key to a current crime mystery. The crook is at once championed by a lawyer whose ability to make the law look like an imbecile orphan is worth from $100,000 a year up.

If it's a too-clear case against his client, the shyster directly or indirectly offers the detective money to make him forget important circumstances. If for any reason this bribe is spurned, the lawyer summons political aid. He has the case placed on the calendar of that judge who plays with him. Then he ascertains the cop's day off, and sees to it that the hearing is set for that day. The detective appears but the case is postponed — for a week. I have known detectives to appear in court for seven consecutive days off, only to hear the case postponed for another week. And then I have seen the case dismissed because the complainant (the detective) has either given up in disgust or has accepted the bribe which, by this time, has of course shrunk.

There are too many rackets for our current policemen to maintain the integrity we foolishly expect of them. Too many rackets thriving under the protecting wings of city and state administrations. Too many racketeers in $10,000 public jobs to make it possible for a $50-a-week constable to be satisfied and faithful. Too many $5000-a-year politicians living in recently acquired $50,000 houses. A keen young man with a shield on his chest patrols the beat once plodded by Mr. Fogarty. Oh, a very remarkable fellow. You should see him set forth for the races in his own expensive roadster. Just ask him where he got it. He'll tell you:

"None of your damned business."

Mr. Hoover's Hair Shirt

Condensed from The North American Review (July, '30)

John Pell
Associate Editor of "The North American Review"

THERE is the story about the millworker out of a job who asked a friend how Smith was getting along in the White House.

"Smith?" the friend replied. "Smith isn't President."

"Oh, yes, he is," the millworker insisted. "I was told that if Smith were elected, the stock I bought would stop paying dividends, the bank I put my savings in would bust, and I'd lose my job. They all happened. Smith must be President."

There are bankers and brokers who voted for Hoover because they knew that a Democratic régime usually brings a weak market. Now they realize that the consequences of a weak market would have been nothing compared to the consequences of the crazy bull market that followed Hoover's election.

There are Drys who voted for Hoover because he promised to try to uphold the Prohibition Law. The country is as wet as ever.

There are internationalists who voted for Hoover because he advocated the World Court and Disarmament. We are not in the World Court and our delegates returned from the Disarmament Conference with neither reduction nor parity.

There are hundreds of thousands of farmers who voted for Hoover because he promised farm relief. Since his election the price of farm commodities has fallen heavily.

There are millions of men and women who voted for Hoover because they were enjoying prosperity and wanted it to last. It didn't. Now they are feeling poor, discouraged, and sore. Do they blame "The Business Cycle"? No. They blame Herbert Hoover.

Last year thousands of farmers grew too much wheat and cotton, thousands of manufacturers produced too many goods, thousands of speculators paid too much for securities, thousands of people spent too much money. Why? Because it was in the air. Everybody else was doing it. Money was easy to get. Well, it's all over now. Do we blame ourselves for our folly? No. We blame Hoover. He was President. He should have done something.

Well, he did. The Secretary of the Treasury advised us to put our money into bonds. The Federal Reserve fought speculation

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with its strongest weapon, the rediscount rate. What did we do then? We cheered when the chairman of one of our biggest banks laughed at the Federal Reserve. Discourage speculation! The idea of such a thing!

Again, after the panic, the President helped us in the only way he could by encouraging the national and State Governments to rush building programs which would give employment to idle men and money. He assembled the leading manufacturers of the country and asked them to do the same thing.

What do we care about his stabilization measures? He brought us bad luck. That's all that matters. "Hoodoo Hoover."

Does the President know how the people feel? He does. "Presidents have plenty of hair shirts," he wrote to his friend, William Oxley Thompson. "A vast clamor of half truths and untruths and injured facts will always fill the air and intoxicate people's emotions."

Let us look at the man who wears the hair shirt. What is this man whom we chose so vociferously a year and a half ago and now blame for all our troubles? He is an engineer. He might be described as a Horatio Alger engineer. Do you remember when you as a child used to read about engineers who lived in the open, built bridges and dams, dug mines and fought Indians? That is the sort of engineer Hoover was.

His father was an Iowan blacksmith, his mother a Quaker farm girl. The boy Herbert fished with crooked pins and played hookey from the little red schoolhouse. He worked his way through college and qualified as a mining engineer. From the start he possessed heroic qualities. He developed a talent, a mania for facts. Rumors spread as far as London that at last a man had been found who produced nothing but facts. Big companies competed for his services. They sent him to Africa, to Australia, to China. At 27 he directed 20,000 employes, built a huge cement works, constructed railway lines, operated a fleet of ocean going steamers, built a Chinese harbor. At 34 he retired, unaware that really his life had only just begun. The war brought his great opportunities: Red Cross; Belgium; Russia; Mississippi; finally the Presidency, the overwhelming victory. The people had put an engineer in the White House.

Now, the engineering method is to learn the facts, decide what needs to be done, pick the best man available for the job, give him responsibility, and back his decisions. The political method, on the other hand, is to guess what is likely to please the voters, pick a man to whom you are in-

debted and then, if anything goes wrong, lay as much blame as possible on him.

Hoover has guided the destinies of big corporations. An executive in such a position is told to save money. The more money he saves, the higher his salary is going to be. The present administration has reduced taxes $160,000,000. If Hoover were the president of a corporation, he'd get a raise for that. Instead he's being blamed from one end of the country to the other. But he doesn't care, he is too busy looking for other opportunities to reduce expenses.

About all the executive of a big corporation does is to make decisions. His value to the corporation rests on the proportion of his decisions that turn out to be right. In order that his decisions may be right, the executive must know the facts. So Hoover, with his business training, established his famous fact-finding commissions. He wanted to know the facts before he made his decisions. But what have facts to do with politics? If he had pounded his desk and roared "Prosperity is good for business," the people would have been satisfied.

When Chief Justice Taft was forced by illness to give up his duties in the Supreme Court, the President chose as his successor Charles Evans Hughes. This would seem to be an acceptable choice. Hughes was one of the best-known lawyers in the country, conservative and distinguished. But the politicians and the press were loud in their denunciation of this choice.

Another vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court. The President's advisers, the party leaders, insisted that politics be taken into consideration. Business methods had notably failed in politics. The South had rallied to Hoover. Why not appoint a Southerner to the Supreme Court?

He did. At last the politicians had him. The engineer was going to play politics, was he? They would teach him a lesson. Parker, the political choice for the Supreme Court, was rejected by the politicians. The President was officially snubbed by the Senate.

Did he mind? No. His opinion of politics was confirmed. It is doubtful if he will take much more advice from politicians. He knows that he is making what he can of his job. He is having his bad breaks early. Two years ago the people clamored for him. Now they are reviling him. Two years from now they may be clamoring for him again.

Getting the Breaks

Condensed from the World's Work (July, '30)

Burt M. McConnell

Mr. McConnell signed on with the crew of a cable ship to get this unusual story

AT EXACTLY 3:32:30 P.M. on November 18th last, the New York operator of the Commercial Cable Company's transatlantic cable felt the wire go dead; he had "lost" the London station.

This was no new experience; it had happened before, and it would happen again — whenever the Storm King whipped up the gray-green waves of the Atlantic, or "growlers" from the ice fields grounded off Newfoundland, or a rumrunner dragged her anchor across the black thread lying on the ocean floor off New York, or a clumsy trawler hooked a similar copper strand off Ireland. Cable breaks were all in the day's work.

But this, it appeared, was no ordinary break; it was found to have affected Western Union, Imperial, and French cables, too. Of the 22 undersea channels of communication between the two hemispheres, 12 were wiped out in the twinkling of an eye!

Here was a situation absolutely without precedent. The zone of disturbance, as fixed by the electrical tests, was inside a 100-mile circle just south of Newfoundland. An earthquake had shattered the communication nerves of the North Atlantic.

Here was an emergency calling for the best the cable-repair ships had to offer. Wireless messages were sent to all eight such vessels between the Panama Canal and the British Isles.

Weeks of hazardous work followed; there were no Christmas celebrations on shore for the grim-visaged skippers and the hundreds of hardy seamen. Weighted with ice, buffeted by gales, the cable-repair vessels stuck to their task.

They discovered indications of a tremendous upheaval — cable buried for miles at a stretch, and dark-brown clay and pebbles on the bottom, instead of black mud. Three times the *Cambria*, one of the repair ships, hooked her cable at a depth of almost a mile, and each time the cable broke when subjected to a sufficient strain to pull it out of the mud and clay.

When the *John W. Mackay*, the largest of the cable-repair ships, left Halifax, I was aboard. Her skipper, Captain Livingston, is a man who always "gets" his cable.

How does one find a mere bit

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of wire, covered with mud and clay, ten thousand feet beneath the surface? The ship that laid the cable in the first place, of course, had a chart. But sometimes a cable may be five or six miles "out" according to the chart.

Captain Livingston proceeded as if he had never heard of the earthquake. If the bottom had fallen out of the Atlantic, as some skippers intimated, he would follow the thin copper thread to the very shores of Newfoundland, if need be. His vessel was the first to reach the scene of the disturbance and the first to raise a cable from the bottom of the sea.

When he has reached the proper position and has obtained a sample of the bottom by sounding, Captain Livingston decides what sort of grapnel he will put down — long barbs for muddy or sandy bottom, shorter ones for clay, and round, stubby ones for a rocky bottom.

The *John W. Mackay* now steams to a point five or six miles distant and at right angles to the cable. Here the grapnel is heaved over the bow. At the end of an hour and a half, assuming that the depth is 1650 fathoms, it will have reached the bottom. The ship then drags the grapnel across the ocean floor at right angles to the cable and, if the line is not hooked, beyond it for three or four miles. With a fishline of steel cable covered with jute, a "flatfish" type of grapnel weighing 300 pounds, and a steam-driven "reel" capable of winding in 20 tons, this extraordinary fishing expedition continues back and forth across the line at intervals of two or three miles.

In the bow of the ship, on the grapnel rope itself, sits the skipper; this is one job which he insists on doing himself. The rope runs over and under some sheaves to the dynamometer, which registers the strain. But the actual hooking of the cable makes no impression whatever on the indicator; the delicacy of touch of the born fisherman is required. It is a cold, wet job, but it is the only way to detect the gradual tightening that always accompanies the hooking of a cable.

"Got 'er!" Captain Livingston suddenly announces, with a wide grin. Our eyes turn instinctively to the dynamometer. Sure enough the indicator is beginning to climb. In less than half a minute it has gone to 26,000 pounds; there can be no doubt about it.

But the job is far from finished. Successfully to bring a cable from a depth of almost two miles requires experience and sensitive hands. Some of the cables were laid more than 40 years ago, and the slightest error in judgment, or the sudden rise of the bow upon a wave, would cause the worn and corroded sheathing

wires to snap. The ship must be maneuvered as carefully and as skillfully as an eight-oared shell.

The steady grinding of the huge winches, taller than the average man, goes on for two hours. Finally, out of the depths comes a length of chain. "Easy!" shouts the captain; for the short length of chain connects the grapnel line with the hook itself. And then, almost before we realize it, the cable comes into view. When it comes over the great pulley wheels it is cut with a hacksaw, and the landward end is connected with the chief electrician's testing room.

In this cubicle is an amazing array of apparatus. How one man can get on familiar terms with so many complicated electrical gadgets in a lifetime is beyond me, but the electrician soon communicates with shore and finds the cable in good condition; he then makes tests which indicate that the cable has been picked up 14 miles short of the break. The severed ends are spliced together, and the *John W. Mackay* proceeds toward the actual break. There the end is anchored to a buoy, the ship picks up the other strand, and the cable is "joined through."

It isn't so simple as that, of course. Stormy weather, heavy swells, fog — any of these can hold up cable-repair operations for a week or more at a time. The *John W. Mackay* got the first of the broken cables into service. But to do so involved a bit of navigating by dead reckoning that would stir even a landlubber's blood. In a dense fog, when other ships were hove to unable to get observations, Captain Livingston laid a new splice of cable 78½ miles long by dead reckoning — something almost unheard of in cable-repair work. With cable costing from $2000 to $5000 a mile, no company can afford to waste even half a mile. But the skipper of the *John W. Mackay* felt "in his bones" that a good blow was in prospect; so he took a chance and paid out the cable — $200,000 worth. At the end of the 75-mile run he stopped; and when the fog lifted, there was the buoy, three miles dead ahead. That, I maintain, is navigation. Incidentally, the final tests were hardly completed when a gale came up.

The job of taking up a buoy is dangerous in a rough sea. One boat had its bottom stove in when a wave smacked it down on the buoy. But the crew stuffed their coats into the ragged hole and finished their job. It was all in the day's work.

Literary Parasites

Condensed from The Bookman (June, '30)

Clarice Lorenz Aiken

Critic and magazine contributor; wife of the poet Conrad Aiken

FEW people realize the insuperable problems that meddlers, sycophants and parasites create for the average author. The rich and famous have always been set upon by parasites. "Poor but proud" people beg money outright from Edison, Ford and Rockefeller, while *soi-disant* prodigies send manuscripts to successful authors for free criticism. There is not much to choose between these two evils: the first picks the philanthropist's pockets, the second the author's brains.

Intrusions by letter are the commonest impositions; verbal requests for various favors follow a close second, and there are a hundred other insidious forms. Once in a blue moon the author will receive an anonymous letter expressing delight at his latest book and asking for nothing in return. But such letters are rare as unexpected checks. Most letters are not even worth the time required to open and discard them. Here is one. After a number of shallow compliments, the lady writer comes to her real motive:

Therefore, I would love to receive a personal reply from you, if you please. Of course, I realize that I am merely a stranger to you, but your answer would be doing me a very great honor indeed! Unless you consider them too personal, please answer the following questions: Which do you consider the greater influence — heredity or environment? Why? How can one face the death of a beloved one if reason forbids one to believe in immortality? What are the titles of your favorite books, and who are your favorite authors? Which of your own poems do you favor, and why? What are your hobbies? What is your philosophy of life? What do you consider the world needs most in order to make it a better place in which to live? What, would you say, is the greatest thing in life?

There are three chief reasons for these impositions on authors. The first is the patronizing attitude. The public is all too inclined to feel that the author is its toy, that he exists by its whim and tolerance. The second reason is the hero-worshipping attitude. The famous man always has been in the public eye and consciousness, and by some curious twist, the world elects him godfather. He should feel pleased at being made much of!

The third reason centers

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around the author's unsystematic life. Consider the average writer — he has no office, no office hours, no secretary. Why should his time not be at the disposal of you and me and our grandmothers? If he is without means — and poets are no longer supported by patrons of art — he cannot afford a buffer. All too easily taken in by the clamor of these "lost and distracted souls," he surrenders his time and services.

Consider the plight of the hapless author who sits down to breakfast and finds a mountain of letters. Why should he not grow perceptibly inhuman as he reads? He is swamped with requests for inscribed books from librarians in North Carolina, Oklahoma, and Maine. (Each state has libraries for colored people, sailors, consumptives, Old Ladies' Homes, convicts, for the newly converted, etc.) Requests come in to write a preface for a hopeless book of verse; requests for his autograph, his photograph; his favorite poem, story or novel; requests to criticize a rejected manuscript; urgent notes to lend his name to charities, movements, causes, which publicity-stunt devotees assure him will bring great prestige. He is asked won't he please copy out his favorite work in longhand for Susie Bean's scrapbook; won't he please write letters of introduction to other celebrities in the interests of a prospective editorial job; he is asked to judge short story contests and award prizes — a privilege generally ending in polite massacre.

If he is an anthologist, so much the worse for him. His throat is cut by indignant champions of an omitted author. Why is Lydia Conchshell from Keokuk, Iowa, omitted? Friends press him to do an obituary of a fellow poet, an assignment which by comparison leaves death itself without a sting. "Shy" literary acquaintances request him to review their first effort, which means favorably, of course; after which the review will be used as a publisher's blurb.

England can testify to what havoc autograph collectors have reduced banks. Creditors who received checks signed by Shaw, Galsworthy, Hardy and other notables, would neglect cashing them, hoping for a bullish autograph market. When a bearish market came along, hundreds of these checks would suddenly be dumped on the bank cashiers. To outwit these pests, such checks are now signed by the authors' secretaries.

Elsie Singmaster's mail staggers her afresh each morning. "Dear Madam," she read one morning, "My daughter has written a very good story which was published in her High School magazine. She does not intend to pursue a literary life, having good

matrimonial prospects. Do you want to make an offer for the plot of her story for your own use? Answer, stating price you will pay, and I will forward story if price is high enough."

Although Gamaliel Bradford insists he has not yet lost the zest that comes from having a charming woman (as to the charm he is willing to give her the benefit of the doubt) ask for his autograph or photograph, he *is* annoyed when the petitioner neglects to enclose postage. Booth Tarkington says that if he answered all the mail he receives, he would not have time to do anything else.

"My troubles as an author," testifies Thornton Burgess, "are nothing as compared with the flood of letters that come to me as a naturalist, because of my radio broadcasts. Apparently I am supposed to be a living encyclopedia. One correspondent says, 'I have a white albino, I would like your opinion of them.' Another lady asks me to send her a cure for rheumatism. . . ."

Arthur Stringer makes moan over an abomination that will find a large answering chorus: "A new and growing evil," he says, "which seems to be encouraged by English teachers in public schools, is the pest of school children writing for autographs and life sketches, because they are 'studying' a certain author."

Bertrand Russell writes: "In common with other authors, I suffer a good deal from persons who think that an author ought to do their work for them. Apart from autograph hunters, I get large numbers of letters from persons who wish me to copy out for them the appropriate entry in *Who's Who*, or ask me my opinion on points which I have fully discussed in print. I get many letters from Hindus, beseeching me to adopt some form of mysticism; from young Americans, asking me where I think the line should be drawn in petting; and from Poles, urging me to admit that while all other nationalism may be bad, that of Poland is wholly noble. I get letters from engineers who cannot understand Einstein, and from persons who think I cannot understand Genesis, and from husbands whose wives have deserted them — not (they say) that that would matter, but the wives have taken the furniture with them, and what in these circumstances should an enlightened male do? I get letters trying to get me to advocate abortion, and I get letters from young mothers asking my opinion of bottle-feeding.

Little wonder that an author comes to look upon these parasites as something worse than charity-seekers. They interfere with his work and embitter him into the bargain.

Our Heritage of Revolt

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (Mar. 9, '30)

James Truslow Adams

His "Founding of New England" and "Revolutionary New England" have given him a place among the leading American historians. Frequent contributor to The Atlantic and Harper's

THROUGHOUT our entire history, from the first settlements in Virginia to the official closing of the frontier in 1890, our attitude toward law has been highly colored by the influence of the wilderness. Theoretically the settlers brought the laws of England with them when they came and were subject to further enactments by English authority. Practically they were in a world of their own where English laws had but the merest shadow of a sanction of physical force. To a great extent the settlers could obey such laws as they wished to and disregard the others. Both their frontier situation and the profits to be made from exploiting the natural resources of a new country urged them to exercise this discrimination.

We may cite one of the many continuing threads of this lawlessness that has run through our whole frontier history, that of the public lands and forests. In the Colonial period the trouble centered in the forests of New England. In those days of sailing ships, tall, straight trees for masts were essential for the royal navy, the protection of the entire empire. The supply in England was slight, so the English Government claimed the right to mark trees of the proper sort in New England, when not on private property, with the broad arrow of the king and reserve them for the use of the navy. The settlers, however, with true pioneer spirit, cared nothing for imperial problems and everything for their immediate personal profit. In consequence, they not only disregarded the law, but whenever needful used mob violence to prevent its enforcement by the local royal officials.

Later the scene shifted under the Republic to the West, and in two generations, through fraud and violence, the vast domain of forest and farmland that Jefferson and Quincy Adams had counted upon as a heritage for the American people was despoiled for the benefit of a comparatively few. What was true of the woods and lands was equally so of the other natural resources. In the fur trade, wise or humane laws against trading with the French enemy or selling

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liquor to the Indians for furs were regularly broken by the largest merchants. The laws against manufacturing, passed in accordance with the mercantile theory of empire, were equally disregarded. When duties were laid upon imports, whether intolerably heavy as in the molasses act or merely inconvenient as in others, the colonists became a race of smugglers.

Some of the laws were unjust, others were wholly justified, but this was not the standard which the settlers used in deciding which they would obey. That standard was whether or not a law interfered with making the greatest profit in the shortest time. The essential point, however, is that the settlers got in the way of picking and choosing which laws they would consent to obey and which they would refuse to obey. This continued true for 150 years after the Alleghenies were passed, and has left an indelible impression upon our regard, or lack of it, for law as law.

The "right of revolution" has always been notably strong in American life. It has been closely linked among us with the doctrine of "natural rights," and, especially in the whole controversy leading up for a decade to the American Revolution, acquired a popularity with the masses which has not yet ceased to be among the most potent factors in molding the American mind. The right of revolt, the right and duty of disobeying the constituted legal authority when in the opinion of the citizen that authority was unjustly exercised, was dinned into the minds of the public with a vehemence and an eloquence that yet reverberate today. The Declaration of Independence and the speeches of the Revolutionary period, still spoken as "pieces" in every school of the land, have played an incalculable part in habituating the American to the doctrines of legal disobedience.

Throughout our history this right to defy authority when we are not in agreement with it has been constantly invoked. In 1787 Shay's Rebellion in New England was put down with difficulty and only after the executive and judicial authority had broken down. Some ten years later a similar revolt, this time against an excise law, occurred in Pennsylvania, known as the Whisky Rebellion. In the War of 1812 New England was in almost open revolt against the Federal Government, and in refusing to take government loans, in trading with the enemy and assisting them in other ways, made John Adams sink with shame when he thought of his native State. The embargo laws, prior to the war, had been openly flouted by those who disagreed with them, and

toward the end of the war there was much talk among New England Federalist leaders of seceding from the Union.

Similar threats were made by South Carolina in 1862 when the citizens of that State opposed the tariff act. Other instances could be mentioned, and we need not dwell on the Civil War as in some respects the greatest example of the deeply imbedded belief of Americans in the right of revolt when legal means have failed to prevent or repeal laws which they have considered unjust.

But the present day American attitude toward law has other roots also than these. The frontier has been an ever-present factor, for example, in Canada as well as the United States, yet the Canadian attitude toward law and Canada's ability to enforce law are very different from ours. In the United States, of course, we live under the shadow of the American Revolution. Our nation was cradled in revolt, and that has been of deep influence; but there is another factor present in the States to a far greater extent than in the surviving British colonies, and that is the Puritan objection to administration.

America stems directly in its intellectual outlook from the 17th century English Puritan tradition. In the past, New England clerical historians were wont to overstress the religious purity of Massachusetts and to dismiss the earliest settlers in the South as riffraff. As a matter of fact, South as well as North was largely Puritan in settlement days.

The Puritan was both by temperament and position a rebel. He was in active revolt against the constituted authority of the Church, which at that time was inextricably intertwined with the State, and when he revolted from the former he was also in revolt against the latter. Moreover, he was religiously and legally an individualist. He believed in the right of private judgment. He interpreted the Bible to suit himself, refusing to accept the interpretation of the authorities.

The very essence of Protestantism, whether for good or evil, is the right of private judgment over the regulations of constituted authority. To flout Elizabeth or James as heads of the State was a short and inevitable step from flouting them as heads of the Church when the two were one. In New England they were also one. The close relation between civil law and religion was exemplified, for example, in the new charter of Massachusetts, which gave the right of suffrage to non-church members, a right which the established Church had hitherto jealously guarded for its own adherents.

Even when religious or moral questions do not seem to be directly involved in a law the question may yet remain as to whether it is morally right to obey what one considers an unjust law. Throughout the whole of our Colonial history we find this stream of Puritan private judgment.

When government was transferred from England to the colonists themselves, this right of judgment was by no means suspended. Many instances, stemming from the Puritan strain rather than economic or other motives, could be given of resistance to law under the Republic. Most notable of these may be mentioned the fugitive slave law. There was no question of the strict legality of this law, but it outraged the moral sense of a large part of the community in the North. Not only was it not obeyed but it was disobeyed as a moral duty by many of the most religious people of the Northern States. The decade or two preceding the Civil War was a period characterized, as Lincoln said, by almost daily mobbing and violence, and all law seemed to have broken down.

They were not criminals in their own eyes, these people who swore they would not obey the fugitive slave law, but they were criminals in the eyes of Southerners who did not believe the law immoral but highly moral as protecting property which had been promised protection under the Constitution. If the Puritan reserves to himself the right of deciding which laws should command obedience he cannot refuse to others that right unless, as too often is the case, he sets himself up as entitled to be the moral arbiter of mankind.

A simple and somewhat sparsely settled agricultural community can get along with a minimum of law and established authority. A densely populated manufacturing State with vast centers of population, with hitherto undreamed of wealth most unequally distributed, with all the modern weapons and methods of criminality, can end only in disaster if law breaks down. To raise the penalties for unenforceable laws ever higher and higher is to court increasing disrespect for law if they are not inflicted, revolution if they are. It is not a question merely of one law or one constitutional amendment. It is a question of a profoundly malignant national disease rooted in the inheritance of generations.

The 18th Amendment did not make us a nation of lawbreakers. We were so already, but it gave a staggering blow to that respect for law which is the sole prop of a highly industrialized civilization and which has already weakened almost past recovery.

Stores on Wheels Multiply

Specially written by one of our editors

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE selling has long been regarded by business as a relic and a curiosity. Today, however, there is a definite trend toward the new travelling store, which brings the goods direct to the door of the consumer. Marshall Field's have this year been experimenting with this type of selling in a district out from Minneapolis. They have put in a series of trucks, each equipped as a miniature women's ready-to-wear shop with an aisle down the center and chairs for the comfort and convenience of patrons. The woman who buys from this shop, having looked over a whole range of models, goes out assured that she has had a chance of selection comparable to that of any woman in a city.

A chain of rolling groceries was recently announced for Toronto. Twenty-five were to go on the road at once; 150 were planned. Travelling drug stores have appeared also during the past winter in a section of the South. And along the Dixie Highway in Kentucky a fleet of large white trucks, travelling dry goods stores, is operating. The goods are arranged on shelves at each side of the aisle exactly as in a small store, and artificial flowers, also for sale, are hung around to give an atmosphere of completeness. Above are pullman berths for the driver and the salesman.

A large firm in eastern Pennsylvania has established "contact men" in all the cities within easy driving distance of their central store. Each of these men in his own community drives a company truck, each week carrying the "specials" of the parent store. Sometimes these may be blankets; again they will be pots and pans. The contact men sell from house to house, take orders, when requested, for things in the main store, and twice a week drive back to restock their trucks.

A few years ago a system of mototerias, started in Detroit, spread not only into several cities of Michigan but into Ohio and as far west as Los Angeles. They are cash-and-carry grocery and meat shops. The housewives serve themselves from the shelves along the center aisle, throw their purchases into a basket that moves on a trolley around the shop, and pay as they leave. These mototerias operate only in thickly settled suburban districts where a single clang of the gong brings the two or three nearest housewives to the door of the travelling store. There have also developed some

travelling retailers who frequent the country villages and who, as they sell, collect butter and eggs, and other farm produce.

A few years ago Roger Babson expressed the opinion that high rents would sooner or later drive the merchant to house-to-house selling; and William Baxter, head of the Chain Store Research Bureau, predicted that "in the future a good part of all retailing must return to wheels again." Besides the saving in rent, the chief advantage in this method is in the intimate personal relationship which is established between the store and individuals in many parts of the country. The possibilities of fast, well-stocked trucks in retail selling are very great. In the future they may also be electrically refrigerated. Some jobbers already have specially built cars with walls that can, at the touch of a lever, be extended two feet to either side and a roof that can be raised to allow for the opening of windows. In this competitive era it would be easy for the jobber himself to turn retailer.

For many years there have been companies that have chosen to market their goods from house to house. Men, sometimes women, have had their regular beats, taking orders from their pill-box sample cases, delivering a week or two later. Usually these companies handle a group of staples, perfumes and toilet articles, fruit extracts and spices, or perhaps tea, coffee, some drugs, dried fruits and vegetables. Tobaccos, in some instances brushes, and even hosiery, are marketed in this way. The brown wagons of a single tea company today drive up before the doors of a million homes, reappearing like the sun on the day and hour expected. Still other wagons have long followed the road in rural districts, especially in mining and lumbering regions, where telephones are rare and stores are far apart. They have carried their stock with them, macaroni, and cheese, and sausages, cement for mending broken china, sarsaparilla, and tonic for the family pig. The travelling store is indeed one of the oldest of retailing practices.

It may once more become common. Signs point that way. Nearly everything has taken to the road. Libraries on trucks are making a place for themselves. Travelling clinics, with doctors and nurses, serums and advice, are seeking out the backwoods districts. Laboratories on wheels are going about for the purpose of examining water supplies and of testing streams for pollution. Perhaps one day we shall go one step farther in the direction of travelling conveniences and buy our food and our clothes, our drugs, even our hardware, from the back of a truck.

The Education of the Million-Dollar Child

Excerpt from The Saturday Evening Post (March 29, '30)

James Noble Gifford

DURING my four seasons as tutor for the children of millionaires I gained many strange insights into character. Let me tell a few stories as examples.

One day I was asking a little class of these children if they could tell me the three necessities of life. I had a vague hope that even their minds, thwarted by luxury, might reason down to rock bottom and finally see real necessities — food, clothing, shelter. One boy — a generous lad of nine or ten — was sure he knew. I called on him.

"Perfume," he said.

I quickly stopped the laugh which rose. I could see that he was not joking. I was startled. You must remember that these children, used to travel, tutors, and so on, in many ways are more mature than their age indicates. I spoke quietly:

"Now you really don't think that perfume is one of the things you couldn't possibly live without."

He flushed a little and stood up. "I wasn't thinking about myself. I was trying to think about grown people."

"But don't you think grown people need food more than perfume?"

"Yes, Mr. Gifford, I do now. But I do think mother could do without food better than perfume."

In the hectic scurry of his life, the boy was not to blame. I told his mother the incident and she was amused. Well, in a way it was funny. But then, some people laughed when I told them of a pupil asking me if I could please tell him how many times his mother had been married. I told him three. Now it is four.

How mature these boys' minds are, and how immature at the same time! One boy was continually late and finally I gave him a note and told him he must get it signed by the next afternoon. The following afternoon I asked for it and he brought it to me. It was signed by the governess. I was not satisfied.

"Didn't I tell you your mother had to sign it? I know she is here."

The boy burst into a flood of tears.

"I know you did, sir. But I haven't seen my mother for a week."

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And he was right. Living in the same house with her, he hadn't seen her for a week. Oh, and how often she speaks of her devotion to her children!

Often enough the millionaire parents have strange ideas of economy. I know of a woman who dropped a tutor at $150 a month while paying seven dollars an hour for her son's tennis lessons and as much for his golf. Bridge is more expensive. But then, how much more important are tennis, golf, bridge and riding than education in the ordinary sense. Herbert Spencer tells us of savages who will never work unless to buy paint for their bodies. To them that is value received.

The training of a millionaire child is as important as that of a crown prince. The fathers cry out, "Tell me why my children seem good for nothing. I have given them everything. I had nothing and I succeeded." They have given their children nothing, as a matter of fact. They have never given them time or consideration. Their children have been trained expensively in sports, but not in understanding or sympathy. They are interfered with at all times or else cruelly neglected. As they grow older they long for release. I asked one boy what he would do on his 21st birthday. His face lit up:

"Ride all day in the Subway. I've never been there. It is nice, isn't it?"

The Chinese present an invaluable social contribution in the conception of getting along with one another. One fundamental of Chinese teaching is the idea of harmony. There must be a harmony established between man and man.

The citizenry have always been taught the virtue of self-restraint. Instead of going at their disagreements hammer and tongs they get a middleman to smooth things out.

When a quarrel arises, disputants may shout noisily at each other, but each has the assurance that the other will not punch his face. Then, when both have given vent to their emotions they manage to compromise. The way these street quarrels usually end is for some third individual, standing in the crowd, to step forward and mediate; and afterward the two excited gentlemen get together and make up.

An old proverb reads: "By fighting you never get enough, by yielding you get more than you expected." Laotzu said, "By bending we survive."

The Chinese have mastered a secret of living that other peoples have not learned. Instead of clinging to the tradition that an insult must be avenged by violence, they have ceased to wear their feelings on their sleeves. They have been sensible enough simply to face personal animosity like any other disagreement which can be talked out and forgotten through mutual concession. — *Christian Science Monitor.*

Are We Really Like That?

Condensed from The American Magazine (July, '30)

Channing Pollock

Author, lecturer, and one of our foremost dramatists

TEN years ago a theatrical manager sent for me to ask whether I contemplated writing a new play, and about what. "An idea I've had for many years," I answered. "I want to inquire what would happen to a man who tried to live like Christ."

"Who cares what happens to a lunatic like that? Lissen to me, kid. You been writing plays more'n 20 years. *Clean* plays, and some of 'em hits, but people ain't interested in that stuff any more. You got to give 'em a kick. They don't care about love unless the lovers ain't married. Love and duty's gone into the discard."

But I wrote *The Fool*. I took it to 31 other managers, who refused the piece with unanimity and enthusiasm. At last, I found two men willing to "take a chance." For several weeks, business was pretty bad. And then came the flood. Preachers and teachers reported the discovery of a play "about something important." For nearly 50 weeks, *The Fool* led every other attraction in New York in gross receipts. The "movie" rights sold for $150,000. The next season five companies took the piece on the road. It is still being acted and read.

I couldn't understand it. The movies were leaning heavily on flaming youth; "daring" and "sensational" had become the catchwords of spoken drama; news-stands were plastered with "snappy" sex publications. And yet from somewhere had come several million persons deeply concerned in the adventures of a young minister who believed in the practicability of the Sermon on the Mount. Where had they been the rest of the time?

And then I went to Brooklyn. This expedition was the first of more than a thousand under the chaperonage of the Pond Lecture Bureau. They were waiting for me in the Congregational Church, but we didn't speak the same language. For them, the theater had stopped with Maude Adams.

Why? They told me: "We can't afford to waste money, or time. We don't regard vacant laughter, vulgar thrills, 'wisecracks,' as an equivalent. Our chosen associates are not courtesans, criminals, and philandering wives and husbands. So we stopped going to the theater."

A minority? I wondered. It

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takes a lot of people to keep a play going. A book that sells 5000 copies is a success; a play that doesn't sell more than 5000 seats *a week*, for at least 30 weeks, is a failure. But, since then, I've seen these Brooklynites all over America.

Someone paid Galli-Curci $13,000 for a single recital in Texas. "Try to get in," also, to hear Hofmann, or the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, or to Walter Damrosch's lectures, or to one of "Billy" Phelps's dissertations on books and plays. There were enough of these people to support *The Fool;* and they have richly rewarded the producers of at least three other studies of Christ or the Christ-spirit — *The Servant in the House*, *The Passing of the Third Floor back*, and *Ben Hur*.

According to my records, covering all time, 28 plays have had more than 500 performances each in New York. Practically every one of them was as pure as the soap that floats, and most of them made a direct appeal to the supposedly archaic instincts of sentiment, loyalty, and pity. The greatest financial success of all was that almost childishly innocent story, *Abie's Irish Rose*.

Consider the recent theatrical season. The really *big* successes are poetic, imaginative, and spiritual adventures: *Berkeley Square*, *Death Takes a Holiday*, *The Green Pastures*, *Michael and Mary*. Not a single lady with a past, nor a married one with a present. No murdered gangsters or broken commandments . . . and still Drama!

Our foreground is animate with what Eugene O'Neill described as "the unclean antics of half-witted children." A movie star on the rampage makes so much more noise than a scientist discovering a few million more worlds. The grown-ups, the really important part of our population, are invisible and inaudible, not to say coy and reluctant. They've learned to stay away — until you've proved it to 'em. That's why nearly every fine play produced recently has looked like a failure during its first two weeks.

When I was producing *Mr. Moneypenny*, I was besieged by a girl who had sung the principal rôle in one of Mr. Ames's revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan. At last I told her I had nothing to offer but work as a "super," at $25 a week. She took it. Later, I learned that she had refused $250 a week to appear in a nasty farce. She said, "Oh, that's nothing! There's a man in this company who went hungry with a contract in his pocket for almost that same salary. When he saw the kind of part he was expected to fill, he walked out of 'the show.'"

I think a surprising number of us are really like that. Offices continue to open at nine. They couldn't if any considerable portion of the population spent its nights in wassail. Chicago may have 50 night clubs, but it has pretty close to three million people. Men and women still get married, and, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, the great majority *stay* married. Flaming youth achieves parenthood of normal, healthy children.

Our race is not dying. It is buying and selling vigorously, farming and manufacturing, playing golf all over the place, and taking the 5:15 train on Friday for that little house in the country. To be sure there is a new restlessness, a new intolerance, a new pride in iconoclasm, and a new contempt of learning and aspiration. But this phase is not new; it has occurred before. At the end of the Civil War, Woodward tells us in *Meet General Grant:* "The moral standards of the nation had touched a new low-water mark. Money had become the measure of human values, and most of the men who possessed money in large quantities did not possess anything else." We got over it. People soon learn that money isn't enough.

We need, not censors and laws, but some modern Pericles, some popular Ruskin to show the cheapness and emptiness and general vulgarity of this "sophistication." People who will educate instead of legislating; who will make decency fashionable and demonstrate that the fine things of music and drama and literature are as simple and easy and enjoyable as any book or play that, in our boyhood, would have led to a face-down interview with Father.

We are not going to the dogs. Culturally most of us leave something to be desired. Youth is a bit freer and franker and more self-assertive than it used to be, and a good many people old enough to know better are adding their little whoop to what passes for general whoopee. We were wicked in Diogenes' time, too, and headed for damnation through the ages of Savonarola, and Moody and Sankey, and John Roach Straton. But somehow we have managed to blunder through. There may be a rash on the face of civilization, but its heart is still beating vigorously, and its feet are still marching on and up.

Cathedrals of the Hot Dog

Condensed from The American Mercury (May, '30)

Raymond S. Tompkins

Assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore

THE amusement parks of the Republic are in the grip of a scientific renaissance. Park operators find themselves headed in the direction of a Finer and Higher Attitude toward the raffling of kewpie dolls and Indian blankets, and the merchandising of racer-dip rides and hot dogs, but the way is full of quirks. They have been introduced to Public Relations. They have shaken hands with Child Psychology. They have listened to young industrial preachers who lisped of Clean, Innocent Amusement as though they were not kidding.

Today all the park men find themselves agreeing that the model amusement park of the world is the one now occupying the site of old Rye Beach in Westchester county, New York. Up to the Spring of 1927, Rye Beach was a rowdy place. Law-abiding citizens shunned it. But in 1927 all the uplifting ideas in the park world began to converge upon Rye Beach.

The new era was thus introduced to the public in the Spring of 1928. Upon the ashes of the old Gomorrah a New Jerusalem of gilded palaces and jeweled mansions had arisen, visited by the awed, whispering souls who had been passed at the pearly gates by squads of carefully costumed St. Peters meticulously trained in Public Relations and Selling the Service.

The hardy old park men have been heavily confounded by the reported effects of this gorgeous layout upon the public. The rough-necks who made old Rye Beach a hell-hole of singing and carousing came to this new Paradise as they had come to the old place, all primed for a hot time. But the Spirit of Service descended upon them and they were changed, and went back to their homes resolved to be better men.

Visitors remark on the "fine class of people" who swarm to this park (2,800,000 the first season), but scientific park men know the real truth. It is not that the people are of any finer class than the crowds who used to litter Rye Beach. They are simply classy in their orderliness because of their beautiful surroundings.

Naturally, the possibilities of all this leave the old-fashioned park men a little aghast. Never before has the opportunity for uplift been given to them — at least, not tied up, as this one is,

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with the opportunity to make a barrel of money. Thus the American park mogul is concerning himself more and more with things of the spirit.

Reform often begins at the hot-dog stand. The people will swarm to the doggies and once well gorged they are pliable and submissive. A few years ago the goods, as the doggies are called in the industry, were dropped into kettles of hot water over kerosene lamps and steamed in some back room. Then the park men realized that the hot-dog stand was capable of furnishing not only food but visual entertainment. Crowds with all the enthusiasm of cannibals watching missionaries broil would swarm around wieners sizzling on a hot steel plate. Electric lights were added for flash. Artisans in bronze and brass schemed to turn out fancier griddles and stoves.

All this turned out to be so decidedly the way the American public wanted to see its hot dogs handled that today nothing is too good for the frankfurter. Its specialists are men of power and rank in the park world. Frequently the dog is prepared in cathedrals occupying the exact geographical center of the park, with gleaming towers and turrets and smaller baronial castles scattered around.

The riding habit has always, of course, been at the foundation of the amusement park business. To be tucked into a rattling little car with half a dozen friends who just never will grow up, and to be hurled down frightful declivities yelling, screaming and hugging one another, has been one of the principal reasons why people have gone to amusement parks for many years. Men of imagination have developed rides in which a living person can taste every sensation of the reward after death.

But now amusement park science begins to have doubts about these hair-raising rides. People take the rides to be thrilled, but they still have an old-fashioned distaste for being bumped off. The problem, then, is to convince customers of two things (a), that the ride is not dangerous and (b), that it *is* dangerous.

Mr. Darling, the director of the park at Rye Beach, believes that every park ought to have two sorts of ride, the wild ride and the mild ride. If people start on the mild scenic ride they will end up starry-eyed at the entrance to the fierce, wild coaster ride, fairly panting for more and deeper thrills. On that theory, when the public began denouncing the wildest racer-dip in Playland as a menace to public safety, the foxy Mr. Darling simply built close to it a gentle scenic ride that would put any grandmother to sleep, and the following year he was

turning people away from both rides.

A modern amusement park can scarcely be said to be living up to the best modern traditions if it does not have plenty of Kiddies' Days. The point about Kiddies' Day is that it not only "fills the hearts of the children with joy," but also brings out their fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts and grandparents, who have to buy full-price tickets.

Students of Child Psychology may or may not know of the application of this science to the amusement park business, but it is now being applied. Some of its principles are interesting. For example, while you can run a game of chance that may take money from an adult without giving him anything (though the Higher Attitude is killing this old racket), you cannot do this with a child. I quote Dr. Harold S. Kahm, writer on the science of the concession:

> It is essential that every game for children should be of the "you win something every time" variety. You cannot take money from children, not giving them something in return for it, without incurring hatred on the part of both the child and its parents.

Other fundamental principles of Kiddies' Day psychology are,

> A child will spend three nickels in rapid succession, where a dime might make him hesitate.
>
> Children are the best possible advertisers for any business. A little girl who has won a doll at your park won't rest until she shows it.
>
> Wherever possible, have separate concessions for boys and girls; for the girls a string game, a jewelry spindle, etc., for the boys, games requiring a certain skill — pitch-till-you-win, a dart game, a cork shooting gallery.

There are many other such principles. A kewpie doll prize or a box of candy will tickle an adult to death. A child will jeer at it. Many park men forget that children are not so tall as their parents. They are being taught to build children's games low enough so that the kids can actually play them. Kiddyland is springing up — a park within a park with everything on a little scale — little merry-go-rounds, little tents, little toboggans.

I have hinted that the Higher Attitude is killing the games of chance. A park's greatest source of revenue today is the picnic. More picnics are given by Sunday schools than by any other institutions. Sunday-schools have a way of sending out scouts beforehand to test the moral atmosphere of the nearby parks and pick the one with the lowest wickedness factor. A game of chance kills a park's opportunity of getting a Sunday-school picnic.

What bothers the amusement park men is that the wheels and

(Continued on page 323)

Beautiful Roadsides

Condensed from Scientific American (July '30)

Walter E. Burton

MILLIONS of American motorists who seek restful scenery, charm, and recreation on the open road are beginning to ask for better-looking highways. To a limited extent, their demand is being answered.

An act of May 21, 1928, gave authorization for the inclusion of tree planting as a part of federal-aid road construction.

Signboards usually constitute the first objective of a road-beautification movement. All but 11 states exert some kind of regulatory influence over roadside signs, yet not one prohibits their erection. The situation is a ticklish one because it concerns personal property rights. Some of the larger advertisers have voluntarily abandoned roadside advertising, choosing to carry their message to the public through other channels.

"In practically all cases these roadside advertisements merely repeat, in the same form, appeals that are made quite properly and insistently through other agencies," Thomas H. MacDonald, Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads, stated in his last annual report. "They are not needed by the public, and are of doubtful value to advertisers. It is hoped that means may be found by suitable legislation to effect their complete elimination upon all roads constructed in part with money appropriated by the national government."

Nevada is the only state having laws seeking to regulate the erection of signboards. No permit is issued for signs that will measurably mar the roadside beauty, or obstruct views. Connecticut regulates signs erected by filling stations and similar business places. Illinois controls erection of signs within right-of-way limits of trunk-line highways, but has difficulty with signs inside corporation limits. California issues permits only for signs located on the right-of-way adjacent to the business they advertise. Massachusetts keeps advertising matter 300 feet from the highway, except where it is contiguous to the business it concerns.

In recent years, with the rapid development of improved roads, there has been little attention given to their esthetic aspects. Lately, a few states, notably Massachusetts, California, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Flor-

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ida, have begun to take the matter seriously. One surprising thing was learned: Road beauty is not a costly improvement.

By judicious planting of native trees, perennial flowers, and shrubs along rights-of-way; by removing objects that are in themselves ugly; by restricting signboard placing; and by a few other simple processes, a plain or a downright ugly road can be converted into a thing of lasting beauty.

Massachusetts, which started improving the beauty of its roads in 1921, frequently is pointed out as a model for other states. The State Department of Public Works has charge of the work. When a new road is built, it is made wide enough to permit landscaping. The maintenance division does the actual work. At Palmer is a state nursery for the propagation of trees and shrubs. This also is a training station for men who care for the plantings.

The first step in the work is the preservation of trees and plants already established. Maintenance men remove dead trees and cut stumps six inches below the ground, trim away dead or broken limbs, treat wounds by trimming and filling with tar, repair cavities by approved methods of tree surgery, and re-inforce split and weakened parts with cables. Undesirable branches, such as those which rub together, are removed. When advisable, trees are sprayed.

Vistas are developed by trimming away underbrush and removing obstructing trees. Roadside springs are cleaned and made usable. Seats are provided at convenient points, and rubbish barrels are placed at strategic positions.

Gravel and sand slopes are a constant source of trouble because of water erosion. They are treated by planting small pines, sweet ferns, and other suitable vegetation. Extensive tree and shrub planting is confined to new roads 60 or more feet wide, so that there will be little or no subsequent widening operations to destroy the beauty. Shade trees are planted in groups, not in monotonous, military lines.

After construction is complete, a man trained in landscape planning locates with colored pencils on a blueprint the positions of shrubs and trees. Dynamite is used for forming holes because it loosens the ground over a considerable area, and is about half as costly as manual or machine digging. High-grade soil is used to fill the pits. An order for planting material is sent to the nursery, and the supplies are delivered by trucks.

Pennsylvania is one of the most recent converts to the idea of highway beauty. In 1928 a

forestry unit, consisting of five trained foresters and three landscape architects, was created to act under the highway forester. Field men are located in eight state districts, and their duties are to plant and care for shade trees, plant slopes and evergreen snowbreaks, and create open views. Outside organizations have helped considerably since the work started, by providing trees and shrubs.

In Florida the conception of highway beauty is somewhat different. This is largely because of the peculiar quality of Florida's semi-tropical scenery. Officials believe that the most beautiful landscape in the state consists of a well-paved road, with ditches and slopes planted in grass and carefully groomed, with the characteristic Florida scenery forming a background on each side.

It is pretty well agreed that there are few ways in which a greater return, dollar for dollar, can be obtained with public funds than by spending a little more for beautifying highways. Aside from the purely esthetic aspects of the work, roadside property values invariably are raised. A beautiful road creates a better sense of self respect in the community, and it favorably impresses the visitor who, besides bringing a measure of profit to local business when he is persuaded to linger, carries away for distribution to other places impressions which he gained in passing through.

Cathedrals of the Hotdog

(Continued from page 320)

games of chance are the most attractive feature of the street-carnival, the amusement park's greatest competitor. While wheels kill parks for Sunday-school picnics, they seem to make carnivals.

One park director in New Jersey met this problem by heading a body of witnesses that visited these carnivals. Then over the radio he exposed what he had found. He explained the meanings of such mysterious terms of the come-on-industry as gimmick, capper, and shill; he let the carnival customers know what "taking a man for a ride" meant. He didn't say the carnival games were fixed. He merely said they *could* be fixed. That was enough. The ministers jumped in and the carnivals headed for the tall timber.

Thus the uplift goes on relentlessly and if, incidentally, it brings in the cash, the park man fervently thanks an all-wise Providence, not forgetting the Men of Vision who set his feet on the path to dough and glory.

Danger Signals in Japan

Condensed from The Living Age (June 15, '30)

From *Die Weltbühne, Berlin Radical Weekly*

Henry Hellssen

SELF-CONTROL is what the Japanese value above everything else in the world, and to lose one's self-possession represents in their eyes the deepest disgrace. It is the one assumption taken for granted everywhere. When two chauffeurs in Tokyo run into each other they laugh and exchange compliments. A Japanese cannot bring himself to say anything unfriendly. Invariably he prefers a polite lie.

This conception of self-control, however, does not form the totality of modern Japanese character. Early last year 25 of the 83 municipal representatives in Tokyo were sentenced to prison for having been guilty of embezzlement or corruption in the task of rebuilding their city. Other incidents indicate that the noble Samurai spirit of patriotism is still very much alive. A year ago last March a young man dressed in a white ceremonial kimono appeared in front of the new house of Baron Tanaka, who was then prime minister, and attempted to kill himself there as a protest against the government's Chinese policy.

Another great scandal broke loose when a former police officer, Hukoji Kuroda, murdered Professor Senji Yamamoto, a Communist member of the lower house, by stabbing him a dozen times. The professor, a brave, well-intentioned, short-sighted idealist, belonged to the Workers' and Peasants' Party, which had been dissolved by the government. The police officer believed that he was acting patriotically by killing a member of a secret patriotic society which was devoting itself to overthrowing the established order.

There are more than a hundred such associations in Tokyo, some of which are devoted entirely to attacking foreigners. Nothing infuriates a conservative Japanese more than to see a European or American dancing with Japanese ladies, and a few years ago one of these secret societies tried to abolish this unseemly custom. While the Sunday afternoon tea dance at the Imperial Hotel was in full swing, a body of men forced their way into the hotel armed with short swords and wearing black masks over their faces, determined to start a massacre. They had not, however, reckoned on the hotel manager, who had the presence of mind to order the

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national anthem to be played and the strains of "Kimi Ga Yo" ("Thou Shalt Rule a Thousand Years") forced the members of this patriotic group to repress their murderous instincts and stand at attention. The orchestra kept on playing the national hymn, not stopping for a second, until the police came. The armed men with masks would naturally have rather died than moved a muscle while their holy hymn was being played.

Japan is a police nation. As soon as you have crossed the frontier detectives follow your heels everywhere. They sit beside you in the trains and lead you into apparently chance conversations. They knock at your hotel doors and ask you questions in bad English. When foreign diplomats travel through Japan the Japanese Foreign Office telegraphs their motions from station to station to keep track of where they are.

The fear of dangerous ideas lies over Japan like a surplice. Out of politeness to Russia nothing is ever said against Bolshevism, just as one never mentions the murder of Chang Tso-lin, which is merely referred to as "a certain serious episode in Manchuria." The Japanese love this kind of circumlocution, yet they have reason to fear Bolshevism, for Karl Marx has more readers in Japan than in any other country except Russia. Up to a few years ago about 60 percent of the university graduates were able to get a safe position immediately after graduation, but now barely 20 percent can be assured of such employment. Dangerous ideas find their most fruitful soil among the unemployed, disillusioned students. Secret service organizations have been installed in nearly all the universities, for espionage is in the Japanese blood. Nobody feels sure of himself. Perhaps even his best friend is a spy.

For a long time the Japanese family system solved the problem of unemployment. According to unwritten law every well-paid member of a family had to support his less fortunate relatives, but the industrialization of the country has destroyed the family system. Now each man must look out for himself and at present about 400,000 people are out of work.

Factory soot covers the cherry blossoms like black snow. Chimneys belch forth smoke on every hand. The number of industrial workers has increased 40 times over since 1900. Four and a half million people are now engaged in industry, including a million and a half women.

Japan is one of the most expensive countries in the world, its price level being 20 percent higher than England's. The result is an

undernourished people. The worst off are those who follow a European way of life, the educated middle classes. Overpopulation is the great danger threatening Japan's future. Certain secret societies believe that it is a patriotic duty to bring as many children into the world as possible. On the other hand, certain influential journals devote leading articles to the necessity of decreasing the birth-rate. Meanwhile the proletariat multiplies like guinea pigs. In 1927 the population increased 850,000, in 1928, 900,000, and it is growing faster every year.

Only 10,000 Japanese emigrate to Manchuria and Korea each year and many of them return disillusioned. Two victorious wars enabled Japan to extend its rule to these countries. But what good did this do, since the Japanese now refuse to live there, having discovered that they cannot compete against the low Chinese standard of living? Furthermore, the Japanese like to live close together. They only feel at home in tiny gardens. They have no liking for nature on a grand scale. Even Fujiyama is a kind of toy mountain, and the Japanese recoil from the mountains of Korea, the frozen plains of Manchuria, the raw winters on the mainland, and the atmosphere of deserts and endless distances, preferring to retire to their charming little miniature world of closely packed houses.

Fear of dangerous ideas lies over Japan like a surplice. But which ideas are most dangerous, the Marxian theories of internationalism from Russia or the Samurai tradition of almost hysterical nationalism? It is six of one and half a dozen of the other.

"Our traditional form of government," said Baron Tanaka, "is superior to that of any other country." This thought is hammered into the consciousness of the nation every day. The Japanese are the chosen people. Mentally as well as physically they are better equipped than other nations. Children are taught in school that all progress, all important discoveries are the work of the Japanese spirit. Professor Adachi of the Imperial University has devoted 30 years of study to proving that the Japanese are physically purer as a race than we whites and are made of finer stuff.

"Our only religion is patriotism," a certain Japanese told me. But this Japanese patriotism has a strangely cold quality about it. The country seems to have no soul. Everything is nervous, forced, exaggerated. Japan has a fever. Its temperature is running high.

Dying for Dear Old Mazuma

Condensed from The New Republic (May 28 and June 18, '30)

John R. Tunis
Sports writer, New York Evening Post

DID you ever stop to consider how much it costs at the present time merely to clothe the average big-college football player for one season? Starting with his special speed shoes at $25 a pair — usable for one game only — and continuing with underwear made to order; socks, stockings, shoulder pads, hip and kidney pads, specially devised braces to protect this ailing muscle or that torn ligament, jerseys, sweaters, headguards, hoods, glastonburys and de-luxe silk pants, there are dozens of items in the 1930 trousseau of the American college football star. The yearly clothing cost per man in the larger colleges is probably much closer to a thousand than to five hundred dollars. Multiply this by, say, 20 men on the varsity squad, then by 20 of the leading colleges, and one begins to realize what is meant by the often repeated statement that sport is a big business today.

During the past 20 years it has grown rapidly; it has become so important that we now have Congressmen introducing bills in the House to arrange where football games shall be played and the Federal Trade Commission hearing complaints against well known sporting goods houses. Needless to suggest that everyone attached to the great sports racket meets changes or reforms of any kind with opposition of the most determined and bitter sort.

One person could, if he desired, do lots of damage to the sports racket, and that is the sports writer. There are many of them who, despite stringent newspaper rules, take money for acting as press agents to sporting organizations and winter resorts, or who graft from professional promoters. But the average sports writer is fair in his judgments, sincere in his convictions, and knows news when it is news. He acquiesces in the status quo because he believes in it. He regards any attempt to modify the existing order with deep suspicion.

Last fall the Army football squad went across the continent to play Stanford at Palo Alto. There was a special train for the 40 players and the 70 adults who are required to tuck them in bed at night. This train, with its baggage car fitted with hot and cold showers and lockers, with another baggage car made into a physical therapy room full of

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muscle vibrators and ultra-violet-ray machines and steam cabinets, with its club car containing radios and victrolas, its diners and observation cars and lounge cars, must have cost — no figures available for obvious reasons — close to $50,000. Was there among the sports writers who accompanied the team a single one to comment upon this ghastly and criminal waste of the taxpayer's money? No, because they don't think it a waste of money. And besides, they were too busy turning out this sort of thing:

> Flagstaff, Arizona (California-bound with Jones Army). The Army football battalion descended upon the desert this afternoon. A hundred miles from civilization, Coach Bill Jones had a sudden inspiration and ordered the special train to stop. Footballs were tumbled out of canvas sacks and four elevens were called off. Up and down the prairie they ran, shouting signals, passing and punting and furnishing sights that men go miles to see.
>
> Years from now some horseman riding through the lonely range may come upon a strange leather object and wonder what manner of animal it had been. Perhaps he will take it back and wise men will argue about it, when all the time it will be the remains of a lost Army football.

If we count out the sports writers, to whom may we then look for any changes in the sports racket? Surely not to the sporting goods business itself. Several thousand manufacturers have become intensively (and somewhat selfishly) interested in the sports racket — in seeing sport get over in the biggest possible manner, because, obviously, more gate receipts mean larger profits to be grabbed off by the men who make the shoes, the clothing, the liniments, the ultra-violet machines, and so on.

Unquestionably, if the heads of colleges and universities were sincere, they could go a long way towards upsetting the sports racket by the simple expedient of taking the money question out of football. Suppose, for instance, that Yale, Harvard and Princeton, as three of the oldest football-playing universities in the country, agreed to several specific changes: first, to dispense with the professional football coach and have the game taught by undergraduates; second, to restrict the playing to sophomores and juniors; third, to abolish all gate receipts. Drastic? Perhaps. But immediately football would be transformed from a vast business into a simple game.

It is now six months since the famous Bulletin No. 23 of the Carnegie Foundation appeared. Its recommendations, if carried out, would go a long way toward breaking up the sports racket: "The paid coach, the gate receipts, the special training table, the costly sweaters and expensive

journeys in Pullman cars . . . these ought to stop." Notwithstanding, Columbia University took a step in exactly the opposite direction shortly afterwards by reaching a new high in the salary of $18,500 paid its coach.

The college heads have become professional promoters pushing football instead of boxing or baseball or hockey or six-day bicycle racing. Through their press agents — every good football team has a capable press agent today — they send out their propaganda to the press, sell seats to the games and compete for the client's money in the approved professional manner.

In many college towns, moreover, the townspeople do not want amateur sport or sensible sport or sport pure and simple. Here is the vicious circle. One autumn, X— University turns out a winning team, and crowds pour into town to see it play. The merchants prosper, and some of the leading business men, who realize the potential value of such a team to the town, give a banquet in mid-winter to Head Coach Joe Gazumpus, the greatest coach the University ever had. The boys are openly presented with gold footballs to wear on their watch chains, and Joe is covertly presented with gold in a more negotiable form.

Joe recognizes friends when he sees them. If the athletic council of the college refuses to help him with the boys, he goes to the industrialists who arranged the banquet and explains that his star halfback cannot return next fall for lack of funds. A purse is privately raised. If some leading high-school star is to enter the University, care is taken to see that he has charge accounts at all local stores. Perhaps the bills will be sent regularly and perhaps they will not. If the proprietor of the Jones Café wishes to feed the all-American halfback for nothing, certainly that is no one's business but his own.

Commenting on the post-season game between Stanford and Alabama at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena several years ago, the student editors of *The Stanford Daily* remarked:

> We felt that a couple of college teams were about to go through the motions of playing a game in order that the crowd might be entertained and in order that the Pasadena real-estate market might benefit. Our impression was not helped when a notorious motion-picture actress was escorted to midfield to present the two captains with floral pieces. Nor were we more optimistically inclined when we were informed later on that the gentleman who reported the game over the radio included in his dissertation a vivid description of the beauty of the Pasadena hills.

Do we send our sons to college to be money-makers for the

athletic association? And if they earn these sums, and if the money is correctly and properly used, is there any reason why they should not be paid for their services like any other boys who earn their way through a university? That is just what a lot of us are beginning to wonder.

Of course this idea is so advanced today as to cause the loyal sons of Dear Old Mazuma to shudder. But may it not be one of the solutions to the vexed problems at hand? No one knows; it is rash to predict the future of athletics; but certainly there is at least a possibility that college football players will some day be given an authorized salary. Another strong possibility, a step that would perhaps be a death wound to the sports racket, would be the abolition of the term amateur, the ending of the ridiculous business of amateur sport by business men paid in kind.

If some radical changes of the sort do not creep into our sports in this country, we shall merely have the continuance of the sports racket, except that it will grow larger, more powerful, bolder and more unscrupulous. Well, what of it? In the colleges today, the authorities in charge and the undergraduates are quite disposed to let things ride as they are. After all, why not?

Let me explain why not. The big business of modern sports, which today involves the expenditure of millions of dollars and demands the time and attention of thousands of workers, has been mostly built up since the start of the present century. Think back then for a couple of generations. The word "sport" comes from the old Saxon word "disport," meaning to amuse, divert, to make merry. In the average football game between two large colleges in these United States at the present time, one watches 22 young athletes the cost of whose sporting education, training, equipment and transportation to the field is around $23,000 each. Looking at such a spectacle — at $5 a look — is not sport.

Sport is something played for fun. A sportsman is a man who plays games purely for the fun and amusement there is in them and would infinitely rather lose than play unfairly. The instant other considerations appear, sport becomes work, and the sportsman is a professional or a business man. Or both. Sport cannot exist in an atmosphere of grasping fingers, of people trying to make money out of it. True, it furnishes an amusing pastime for the $5 spectators. But it is not sport; it is business.

With the sports racket in tight control of the wheel there is hardly a vestige of first-class sport anywhere in the United States today.

Dog Heroes

Condensed from The Country Home (April, '30)

Frank Dole

ABOUT 20 years ago I received an unusual request from a firm of leading lawyers in New Haven. They wanted me to make an appraisal of the value of a dog killed by an automobile. The attorneys offered no defense for their client. He had been on a spree and taken an automobile ride during which it was a wonder he had not killed himself or others.

The owner did not try to deceive me regarding the value of the dog. Realizing that she had not the qualities of a bench show winner, I fixed her value in my mind as $15. Just as we were leaving the barn where she lay, her owner said, "My children will miss her dreadfully. Dinah has cared for them for the last three years. Wherever they went she would go along. These suburbs have lots of tramps. But we always knew that the children were absolutely safe.

"It's two miles to school, but each morning Dinah took the children there to see that nothing happened to them on the way. When they got to the school yard she would lick their hands or faces, whichever was most convenient, and then come straight home. School got out at three o'clock. I never could figure out just how Dinah could tell the time, but every day she would start out to be at the schoolhouse on the dot. Sometimes one of the youngsters would be kept in, but she waited around until they both got out and then started home with them. If one of the neighbors gave them a lift, she would trot along beside the wagon, but she wouldn't have let them ride with strangers.

"The day she was killed she was on her way to get the children."

While I listened to the story, Dinah's value kept going up in my mind. She had practically given her life in line of duty. When I made my report, fixing the value at $100, I knew that the money could not anywhere near offset the loss to that family.

The dictionary falls a bit short in its description of a hero. Should it not go farther and put in the hero class those who outdo themselves in service? I believe that the sacrifices dogs make for man and the faith the dog places in his master are examples of the finest of qualities, qualities which man might show in a greater

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degree to the benefit of everybody.

For about 7000 years the dog has been the friend and companion of man. It is said that the dog "asks nothing and gives all," but to bring out its finest qualities it must be treated as a companion. The dogs which are set apart in my memory as real canine heroes have had loyalty and companionship to a marked degree.

Bristles did. He had been born on a big estate in England and was of the finest blood. He was six months old when the great calamity of 1914 swept the world into war and his master to the colors. The dog shared the officers' mess. He went into the trenches and there killed his share of rats. In the back areas he helped the man forget some of the horrors he had seen. When orders to advance came he went along too, escaping death often miraculously.

So it was that Bristles was at his captain's heels when a burst of shrapnel sent the man reeling, badly wounded, into a shell hole. Bristles stuck beside him, aiding by his howls in attracting the attention of the stretcher bearers. He did not offer them any harm as they tenderly lifted the man onto the stretcher, but he was right behind them and managed to scramble into the ambulance. At the hospital it was felt that dogs did not belong. Several times he managed to sneak in and reach the bed of his wounded master, under which he cowered until detected and put out. Finally the authorities yielded and Bristles was allowed inside.

When the captain was discharged from the hospital, Bristles happily trotted with him, but instead of the man leading the dog the dog was leading the man, for the shrapnel had left him totally blind. Just how it happened one doesn't know, but it was certain that the dog realized the changed conditions and knew that he must be the eyes for his master.

Heroism is not confined to dogs of pure breeding. That was proved by two nondescripts owned by a man in New Jersey. One of them had the general appearance of the Dalmatian, sometimes called the "plum-pudding dog" for his black spots. The other had more collie blood than anything else. These two were walking with their master down a railroad track when the man was suddenly seized with a heart attack. He fell, helpless, between the rails. The dogs saw immediately something was seriously wrong. The collie remained, while the Dalmatian, fleeter of foot, started for help. He found a man, succeeded in bringing him back to the spot where the collie, standing beside the prostrate

figure, was barking furiously. Once the man had been safely picked up and started home, the dogs dashed off together playing, but nobody can tell me they didn't know what they had done.

Another instance of great devotion is given by a shepherd dog, playmate of a nine-year-old girl who lived in New Jersey. Diphtheria seized the girl and she died. The dog was disconsolate. He followed the body to the cemetery. He would not eat and he scarcely slept, and each day, regardless of the weather, he would make his way to the cemetery and lie on the grave. Often he would bring along some toy with which they had played.

The dog stood it just as long as he could and then did a most amazing thing: From puppyhood he had been trained to keep out of the road. Yet one morning, credible witnesses testify, he walked deliberately into the road in front of an automobile.

In Pennsylvania there was another dog hero, not a purebred shepherd, but one in which that blood dominated. He worshiped his master and scarcely seemed to more than tolerate the small boy of the house. Then that dreadful disease, infantile paralysis, caught the little fellow and left him crippled. As soon as the dog realized the boy was helpless he transferred all his devotion to the little chap. He saw the boy being pulled around in a wagon and one day, of his own accord, started pulling the wagon himself. Soon the dog was taking the boy everywhere, — to and from school, and on Saturdays safely through the traffic of a large city.

Another dog, a great Dane, belonged to a Secret Service agent, a detective who had broken up a particularly troublesome gang of counterfeiters. Their leader had been especially violent in threats to "get" the detective. Some years later he was released and came straight to New York. That very night he went to the suburb where the agent lived, found the house and broke in.

The great Dane was there. He leaped at the invader, hurled him to the floor. The agent found the man flat on his back, with one of the dog's front paws on each of his shoulders. If you have seen the mouth of a hungry lion, roaring, you can imagine how that dog's mouth, opened for deep growls, looked to the prone man, who expected momentarily those teeth would fasten themselves in his throat. He begged, "Take him away. I swear by all that's sacred I'll go straight." And he did.

Only one of all these dogs saved a life. Yet to me they are just as much heroes as the dogs that have, for they have gone outside their natural sphere of companionship and service to man.

Thomas Alva Edison, Worker

Condensed from Nation's Business (July, '30)

Gamaliel Bradford

Author of "Confederate Portraits" and many other widely read biographies

EDISON was born in Ohio in 1847. His parents were comfortably off, and if he had little formal education, it was not from lack of means but because his mother, who had been well educated herself, felt that she could give his peculiar temperament better training than he could get in the public schools.

From boyhood he earned his living and always his intensely active spirit was looking and toiling for ingenious ways to better himself. At 83 Edison is still as intensely active as ever, and when it was proposed to relieve him of deafness, he declined, saying that his infirmity helped him to think, and, "I want to do a lot more thinking before I die."

The survey of this vastly fertile and productive career prompts some inquiry into the sources of the production. What enables one man to see such limitless possibilities in the adaptation of ordinary daily things when another man will pass them by quite unregarded? Edison himself is inclined to reject the idea of any special gift, instinct, or genius. In his own homely phrase, genius is "one percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration."

Hard work is the only solid basis of success, though men are infinitely cunning in the effort to seek other explanations. Yet one cannot help feeling that there is a little more to it; one cannot but wonder at the ceaseless ingenuity which is forever discovering new relations in circumstances that have been old and obvious for a thousand years.

At the same time Edison's emphasis on a constant, unwearied, never-failing intellectual activity and ardor is no doubt perfectly just. Such activity is the essential prerequisite of pretty much all the great accomplishment of the world. Mr. Firestone quotes the inventor as saying habitually, "There is no expedient to which a man will not go to avoid the labor of thinking."

There are few of us who cannot confirm the remark from our own experience. A fierce intellectual activity seems to be Edison's dominant characteristic. His mind has got to be at work, conceiving something, creating something, getting somewhere, or he cannot be happy.

With the natural drift toward ingenuity and the perpetual men-

tal movement, there is also the impelling force of ambition. When Edison was asked what frame of mind helps to bring ideas, he answered, "the ambitious." Neither he nor any one else is indifferent to the glory of achieving great things and being known to have achieved them. The interesting modification and development of all these spiritual incentives in Edison's case is their strongly and constantly practical bent. From first to last, all his magnificent intellectual powers and resources have been bent to devices and appliances which should be directly advantageous for the convenience and comfort of humanity.

This tendency appears and develops from the very start. When he began as a newsboy on the train, he was not content with merely selling papers. He soon began to print a little paper of his own and, more than that, he was full of ingenious schemes for getting his papers sold. He dabbled in chemistry from a child, and filled the house with bottles marked "poison," as later he was to fill his laboratory with pretty much every substance that is known in the world.

Whether it was telegraphy, whether it was electricity, or the crushing of iron ore, or the manufacture of cement, or the eternalizing of perishable human voices, it made little difference; there was always something for Thomas A. Edison to discover or to improve, some clever turn of a device, some larger possibility of advantage or usefulness, which others had passed without seeing and which he could seize and grasp and profit by.

This restless spirit of ameliorating life is admirably indicated by Edison's biographers: "The world never saw a man more deeply and desperately convinced that nothing in it approaches perfection."

Edison's mental activity has been disciplined, trained, and developed, so that it can be always directed to the greatest usefulness. As Mr. Firestone says: "Mr. Edison's whole life has been devoted to training his mind to concentrated thinking. He has so trained his mind that it shuts out everything except the specific problem before him."

When he sets himself a particular problem to work out, he begins by acquainting himself with all the material bearing upon it. In his own words: "The first thing is to find out everything everybody else knows and begin where they leave off." If he wants to investigate rubber, he goes through every available book and pamphlet on rubber, not only with an incredible thoroughness but with an incredible rapidity of research.

And the research is supple-

mented by endless, inexhaustible, ever varied experiment. He is not only always thinking things, he is always trying them, practically. Whenever his fertile imagination suggests a mechanical possibility, he wants to see how it will work. The accounts of this vast habit of experimenting are almost unbelievable. When he has some end to attain, he keeps at it, day after day, year after year, always varying his approach, pushing, thrusting, delving ever deeper and more subtly into the curious secrets which nature seems to have placed a little beyond his reach. In some cases, as notably with the electric light, many thousands of efforts led to no positive result whatever.

Obviously such work cannot be accomplished without an enduring habit of labor and a constitutional industry. From his earliest days he was a worker. As his own motto puts it, "Everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."

Either his moderate and abstemious habits of living, or his theory of the healthfulness of work without worry, seem to have produced an almost iron physique, able to endure fatigue and strain which would shatter the constitutions of many men completely. He himself said in advanced life: "For 15 years I have worked on an average 20 hours a day."

Edison laughs at any such luxury as sleep: "Lack of sleep never hurt any one," he says.

With this extraordinary capacity for labor goes an equally impressive endowment of patience. Nature never hurries, neither does Edison. The end can be reached only by letting things take their course.

Not only must there be passive patience, there must be a tireless persistence. In Edison's career there have been innumerable difficulties, obstacles, failures, mistakes. Nothing is more energetically emphasized and repeated by Edison than the quality of sticking to it: "In working out an invention the most important quality is persistence. Nearly every man who develops a new idea works it up to a point where it looks impossible and then he gets discouraged. That's the place to get interested. Hard work and forever sticking to a thing until it's done are the main things an inventor needs."

"Git Down on Yo' Knees"

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune Magazine (April 13, '30)

Roark Bradford

Author of "Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys;" "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," — the source of Marc Connelly's outstanding stage success, "The Green Pastures"

TO ONE schooled in formal worship and not accustomed to the ways of Negroes, an accurate description of the average Negro church service in the South would sound sacrilegious. To one not so devout it would sound like a burlesque. But, at first hand, there is a seriousness about it that permeates, and a magnificence that entirely destroys the idea of the ridiculous. There is a happy, tender, sincere, humble, faithful, reverent understanding that causes one to wonder whether the Negro has not taken the religion of his former master and brought to it or found in it that joy and love and peace for which the white man has shed blood, waged war, despoiled nations and peoples, but which he has been able to sense only vaguely.

There isn't a small, mean thing about the Negro's religion; it does not arouse those emotions that breed doctrinal hatreds and bitter words about creed and dogma that are such a practical part of the white man's search for spiritual happiness. How different the doctrine of the Rev. Black Billy Sunday, pastor of a small church in Algiers, La.: "Y'all sinners might kin carry sin and satan and think you's havin' a good time. But you jest ought to git on God's side one time, and see how good hit feels! God'll make you happy. God looks after his friends. Heap er times you see a good man in trouble. Maybe his wife is sick and his chilluns is hongry. And hit do look like to me and you dat he's totin' too big a load. But I jest bet he ain't. I bet God is got all er dat figgered out, and all de time me and you is thinkin' dis man is totin' too much weary, I bet God is whisperin' in his year: 'Hit's awright, son; let de sinners mock you, but me and you know what's goin' on.' And dat makes de load lighter so's de man kin tote it. 'Cause did you put all er dat weary burden on a sinner de fust news out'n him would be dat old song: 'Efn you don't think I'm sinkin', jest look what a hole I'm in.'"

If such a preacher puts imaginary words of homely conversation into the mouth of God, and interprets the Holy Writ in the language and light of the cotton-field or the steamboat landing, it should, by all rules of reason, be

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absurd. But as one listens to his bold figures, catches his earnest sincerity, one somehow does not notice the absurdities. If Judgment Day is "a great gittin' up mawnin', fareyouwell," why shouldn't Gabriel ask the Lord, "How loud must I blow it?" Why shouldn't God "set r'ared back in de middle of de air and jedge de quick and de daid?"

Genesis 1, 26 is taken literally. And if a man is in the image of God, then God must be in the image of man. And if God looks like a man, why shouldn't He act like a man? Like a great, powerful, mighty man, of course, but a man!

The more education that creeps into the pulpits the less power there is in the sermons generally. But frequently, under the stress of emotional pressure, they step out of the role of an educated divine and "crack down on de sinners and gamblers."

I attended a service at a church of a Negro preacher who held an earned degree of Doctor of Divinity from a well known Northern university, and is one of the leading minds of the Negroes of his city. The minister selected for his sermon "The Seven Last Words of Christ." The sermon was carefully planned and intelligently written. The minister was, very patently, reciting it from memory just as he had written it, careful to give his "r's" the "Chicago twirl," and his final "g's" adequate sounding. And the congregation was listening with respectful attention.

The preacher came to the words, "I thirst," and faltered. It was evident to the congregation that he had forgotten and they began to display slight signs of nervousness. But the preacher held on. "And the Lord said, 'I thirst!'" he repeated. "And of course the Lord was thirsty! Hadn't he toted that heavy cross clear from Jerusalem on that hot day? It was enough to make anybody thirsty!"

"Amen," encouraged a deacon who on weekdays is a physician. The preacher wheeled almost fiercely upon him, dropping final "g's" and softening "r's," and roared: "But I'm standin' hyar to tell you, Brother, that ain't why the Lord said 'I thirst.' The Lord said, 'I thirst' 'cause it was in the Scriptures that He gonter say, 'I thirst.'"

"Ain't hit de trufe, Lawd," exclaimed one of the older women. To her the minister shouted: "And I wanter tell you somethin', Sister! De Lawd knowed hit was in de Scripture He gonter say, 'I thirst,' and His old mammy was standin' right by His side when He fulfilled de Scriptures! Right wid Him. All de time. Yar was her own baby boy, nailed up yonder on de cross wid nails in

His hands and rivets in His feets, and Him fulfillin' Scripture to His old mammy!"

The wail of the congregation increased and the preacher raised his voice, louder and louder. "Oh, you gamblin' man, what you say wid yo' last words? Oh, you card playin' woman, what you gonter say? You house-creepin' man, what you gonter say? You man-chasin' woman, what you gonter say? You liars? What you gonter say? What you gonter say? What you gonter say when de Great Lawd God rears back his mighty strenk and strikes yo' breath away?"

Incidents continued to fly. People were standing up and walking about the church, talking, laughing, crying, praying. Finally, the preacher raised his voice above the thundering roar and "extended the invitation," a part of the ritual of that denomination:

"Git down on yo' knees, brothers! Git down on yo' knees, sisters! And pray to de prayer-hearin' God. Git down on yo' knees, sinners, and say a prayer to de sin-forgivin' God. Crawl on yo' knees to de Throne of Grace and beg God not to burn yo' up. Come on down to God's moaners' bench and moan yo' sins to Jesus. Come on down and tawk to Jesus, and ease yo' sin-sick soul!"

In the back of the church, where several women had been praying and exhorting with a man who had a reputation of being a gambler, it started. He arose and started forward, singing and shouting as he came. The gambler was followed by others, each sinner leading a glorified procession toward the altar with a song of his or her own choosing. There were 18 conversions.

Later the preacher told me that he had not forgotten his sermon, but had departed from it because he "felt I had been inspired by Divine Power to cut loose and warm those sinners up."

When Mr. Marc Connelly, the author of The Green Pastures, decided to write the play from my book he came to New Orleans to satisfy himself that such a simple, joyous, brotherly, yet definitely and immensely respectful faith in the Lord, was held by the Negroes. He wanted to go to a Negro church.

When the sermon was over, the head deacon, a kindly old fellow who by weekdays is a carpenter, arose.

"While the choir sings, we will take the collection," he said. "God loveth a cheerful giver. And I reckon God loveth Abraham Lincoln, too, but don't think He likes to see Lincoln pennies in the plate. God made buffaloes the same as he made Lincoln. And God also loves to look at the picture of that pretty woman they put on dimes, too."

It was the first real touch of the genial but reverent attitude toward the Lord that Mr. Connelly had. — *Roark Bradford* in *Collier's*.

New Ideas Sweep Movie Studios

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (May, '30)

Michel Mok

"IN a year and a half all motion pictures will be wholly or partly in color. Three years from now the black and white photoplay will be as rare as the silent picture is today."

With these words, the head of the production department of one of America's largest motion picture corporations recently gave me a glimpse of the literally brilliant future of the film industry. "Color" is the watchword of the world of the cinema today, just as "sound" was three years ago.

A year ago *On With The Show*, the first all-color talking and singing picture, started the color rush. This year no fewer than 100 feature-length pictures, entirely or partly in color, will be shown. To meet this heavy production schedule, the Technicolor Corporation, which makes all the colored movies for the various producers, has just completed a fifth large plant. Eventually the plant will be able to prepare each year 2000 prints of feature films.

This sudden demand for color is a direct outcome of the great success of the talkies, which, begun in 1927 as a desperate experiment by a producer who was in financial straits, are now presented in 12,000 of the 20,000 moving picture theaters of the country. Sound provided a new and vivid element in an industry that had become stagnant.

This is the lesson the producers have taken to heart. They are not to be caught napping again. And there is reason for their watchfulness. According to statistics recently compiled by the International Labor Bureau, $4,000,000,000 is invested, throughout the world, in the moving picture industry. Of this staggering sum, half belongs to American concerns.

Movie men, therefore, are eager to add to their bag of tricks any potentially successful new development. Recently there have been other revolutionary innovations aside from color. One of these is the greatly enlarged picture, taken on a double-width film and projected on a huge screen. The new wide film has two real advantages. Because of the greater territory covered, more persons can be shown clearly on the screen at once. This is specially valuable in the now popular picturized musical comedies, in which big groups of chorus girls and dancers are pre-

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sented. The second advantage is that the width of the film allows for a wider sound track. This produces a better sound quality and requires less amplification. Also less magnification of the picture itself is necessary, resulting in sharper and less "grainy" images.

Naturally, the next step will be a combination of color, wide film, and sound. From reports it seems likely that, outside of New York City, the "high, wide, and handsome" pictures will not be shown for some time. The reason is that the "big four" of the industry — Fox, Paramount, RKO, and Warner Brothers — as yet have not agreed on the exact width of the enlarged pictures. Then too the presentation of the big movies would, in some cases, require the remodeling of stages or entire theaters, and the producers are reluctant to saddle the additional cost of wide picture equipment on the exhibitors, many of whom are carrying heavy financial burdens due to recent installation of apparatus for sound.

For the time being, probably the only novelty at your movie house, unless you happen to live in New York City or in Hollywood, will be color. But "behind the screen," or rather, in the studios and laboratories, new tricks of movie magic are being introduced.

Among these innovations, the most important is the Schufftan process, the invention of Eugene Schufftan, a German artist, through which German and English producers have been enabled to make "million-dollar" pictures at trifling cost. Recently, the first Schufftan unit of two experts arrived in Southern California. As a result of their work there, you soon may see superfeatures with impressive sets and foreign backgrounds, such as great cathedrals, medieval castles, majestic mountain scenes, which have been produced inside Hollywood at an outlay of a few dollars.

Demonstrated at a meeting of the Kinematographic Group of the Royal Photographic Society in London recently, the process amazed experts by its ingenuity and simplicity. Described briefly, it is a method of combining real sets with small models, or combining photographs with small inexpensive sets in such a way as to blend the two into a whole and make detection by the spectator impossible. So perfect is the illusion that, when the finished picture is thrown on the screen, Schufftan technicians themselves cannot tell where the set leaves off and the model or photograph begins. Yet all that is required is an optical mirror and a large lens — plus a knowledge of angles and a highly developed technique of film lighting.

With such simple equipment, Schufftan has been able to show on the screen foreign scenes, including the Colosseum in Rome and the Vienna Opera House, without leaving the Ufa studios in Berlin, using photographs instead of costly sets imitating these huge buildings. In *Atlantis*, a German film based on the Titanic disaster, Schufftan's process was used in many of the interior scenes. The director wished to make various shots showing the passengers being engulfed with the sinking ship. By the old method it would have been necessary to flood the studio or lot and build an expensive set merely to destroy it. A model of the top of the liner's ballroom was built. The actors floundering in a small tank provided the remainder of the scene. The result is as realistic as would be a picture made at great expense and effort.

Metropolis, the German film which a few years ago attracted international attention chiefly because of its futuristic sets that appeared in gigantic proportions on the screen, employed tiny models and the Schufftan method. Actual sets on the scale suggested would have cost a large fortune.

According to Hans Nieter, a young German-American camera man who has worked in the Ufa studios with the Schufftan process since its beginning, 70 percent of all German productions now use the method. To date, 23 British pictures have been made with its assistance. Soon after his invention was introduced in the German studios, Schufftan was invited to Hollywood to demonstrate it. He remained several months but no one seemed to take his work seriously and experiments were abandoned. That was five years ago. Meanwhile, however, sound has come into its own. Now with the small studios necessary for talkie productions and the great difficulty of reproducing sound in outdoor scenes, synthetic sets have become a vital problem. Thus it is expected that the Schufftan unit which arrived in the movie colony the other day will prove the nucleus from which will grow the general adoption of the system in this country.

What will be the next revolutionary change in the movies? Obviously, it will be practical three-dimensional pictures — that is, movies with true stereoscopic effect in which images have length, breadth, and depth as well. A few weeks ago, Dr. Donald Clive Stuart, professor of Dramatic Art in Princeton University, went so far as to declare that the present generation would see them. When I repeated his prediction to a motion picture engineer, he shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Perhaps," he said. "Who can tell?"

Happy Funerals

Condensed from Plain Talk (November, '29)

Judge Henry Neil

WHEN George Bernard Shaw was attending the cremation of his mother — a ceremony he described as "charming and most impressive" — he was only once offended. That was by the loud weeping of the undertaker.

"See here, my man, you must stop that," Shaw said to him. "We want no professional mourners."

Then the man turned his wet face and Shaw saw that he was his mother's greengrocer and her friend of many years, who was genuinely affected by her death. Shaw apologized to him.

The following letter, also, expresses Shaw's attitude toward funeral ceremonies:

My dear Neil:

You must try to educate people into a wholesome reaction against the present method of disposing of the remains of the dead, and the artificial gloom and horror of our funerals. . . .

The instinct that makes people send flowers as a farewell is a right instinct and the inculcated notion that they should wear black and pull long faces is a monstrosity. If we cannot rejoice in the memory of the dead we had better let them alone . . .

Ever
G. Bernard Shaw

We have, thank goodness, got rid of a great many of the lugubrious, and often ridiculous, trappings of woe: the nodding feathered headdresses of the black horses; the crêpe streamers; the inch-wide black-bordered In Memoriam cards. It is no longer necessary to keep our dead for full seven days in the home for fear the neighbors should accuse us of indecent haste in disposing of them.

When the world was young the inhabitants were a great deal more solicitous for their dead than we are now. They saw to it that the deceased was provided with everything necessary for his comfort. Meat, drink, weapons, clothes — even slaves and wives — were interred with him.

The Chinese give their dead a good send-off. Firecrackers to scare away the evil spirits are set off and paper representations of magnificent carriages and horses, clothes and furniture are burned so that the spirit of the deceased will have everything it needs in

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its new home. The Chinese, by the way, do not wear black as a sign of mourning, but garb themselves in white. (Russians do the same, or did, before the government abolished religion and all symbols connected with it. They also had a curious custom of providing the deceased with a written testimonial enumerating his good deeds which he could present to St. Peter when he arrived at the Gate of Heaven.)

There is, however, one great drawback to being dead in China. One's corpse may become a horrible nuisance. Instead of employing an undertaker to make the funeral arrangements, the Chinese consult a wise man who has to determine which day is propitious for the burial. As the wise man receives a fee each time he is consulted, it is to his advantage to postpone the interment as long as possible. Maybe the propitious day doesn't happen for six months or even a year and the hollowed tree-trunk containing the corpse has to lie around waiting for burial.

While I was in Italy I saw many funerals which were quite terrible in their artificial gloom. One has, of course, to make allowances for the Italian temperament and to expect great emotion, but Italians are not content with their own; they hire professional mourners. In Naples, for instance, among the poor uneducated classes, the ancient custom of hiring mourners still prevails, and the lamentations begin almost before the breath has left the body of the corpse. In one such funeral I saw, when the coffin was carried out of the house there appeared on the balconies over the front door a number of figures completely shrouded in deepest black. Later, when they had torn off most of their clothes and flung handfuls of hair down on the spectators and beat their bodies till they must have been black and blue, I discovered they were hired women. They behaved as if they had gone crazy, while the relatives of the deceased stood in the street below to see that the hired mourners earned their pay.

In the glorious days when Greece ruled the Mediterranean, cremation was the approved method for disposing of the remains of the dead. This method would probably have continued until today had not the Christians insisted on a literal fulfilment of the "dust to dust" ceremony. In Greece to be denied cremation was to be proclaimed an outcast. Greece forbade cremation only to suicides, unteethed children and persons struck by lightning. Several other nations also believed that death by lightning was a penalty for misdeeds; and ignominious burial, or none at all, was the fate of the unfortunates whose end came this way.

It's Still the Same Old London

Condensed from Country Life (June, '30)

Reginald T. Townsend
Editor of Country Life

THERE are many ways of enjoying London, a city that retains all of its old-time charm and fascination. One can go as a regular tourist and spend the days sightseeing, viewing St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Tower, having lunch at the Cheshire Cheese, where no Englishman, save the waiters, has been seen in years; but the better way is to take London leisurely, strolling about the city, dropping in at interesting places and studying the people as much as, or even more than, one does the city itself. One is at once struck by London's cosmopolitanism. The first night on our last trip to England we dined at a restaurant in Piccadilly. The man at the next table was expatiating on his two sons, one of whom was settled in South Africa and the other in Australia. A group at a near-by table was discoursing volubly in French, while at another sat a group dressed in Hindu costume. To complete the picture a Scotsman entered clad in kilts.

Traffic in London fascinated us. We could watch it for hours and never tire. Ancient taxis built high above the ground, with the steering wheels set straight up instead of at an angle, proceed sedately along piloted by venerable gentlemen in straw or bowler hats, while myriads of tiny motor cars keep dashing in and out of the traffic, dodging the great motor buses in a manner truly miraculous. For England is full of these tiny vehicles built to consume a minimum of gasoline. One evening one of the little motor bugs — beside which an old Model T Ford would loom like an elephant — stalled in the thick of traffic in Oxford Circus. The "bobby" on duty merely sauntered over and, with one hand — the other was upheld to stop traffic — gave it a push that sent it to the sidewalk! The bicycles in the traffic in London, which is worse than in New York, gave us heart failure. In and out they'd weave, yet we never saw an accident.

Speaking of accidents, an odd one occurred while we were in London. A man was run over and killed by a steam roller, if you can believe it. It appears he was waiting to cross in front of the machine, and it started suddenly and knocked him down and squashed him utterly.

Another thing that intrigued us

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greatly were the signs by which the newsboys proclaimed the news, as they've done for years, instead of crying out "extra" as in America. Some of these bulletins were as difficult as crossword puzzles to decipher, but one in particular we never did solve. It read as follows: "Gatwick Naps Last Wire."

Fortunately for London, it has no skyscrapers and never will. They are forbidden. Also, fortunately, there are no flat roofs or unsightly water tanks. But we've always associated London with chimney pots, and even now, after many years, they still fascinate us. They are so many and varied. Some fat, jolly, round, pot-bellied ones, others tall and meagre. Some have a gay curl of smoke and others are glum and morose. Not a house but has a battery of them, and no two are alike. No wonder Dickens was fascinated by them.

What we used to love to do in London was to wander aimlessly about and deliberately try to get lost — not at all a difficult thing to do as London is one of the most confusing cities to find one's way about in that we know. But in this way one gets to know the city intimately. One comes upon fascinating mews and what seem to be little villages, like Shepherd's Court, in the middle of the great city itself. Then one is always happening upon delightful squares, like Ladbroke Square and Grosvenor Square. It is fun to board a bus and let it take you where it will, and then find your way back to your starting place; but we warn you the buses go further than you'll probably care to return by walking.

Hyde Park in spring or summer is a lovely spot and one can sit and have tea there and feel as if one were actually in the country. Spring is the time to be in England — if possible, in May; if not then, June, for then all England is a garden. Dirty, grimy old London washes its face, its parks and gardens become masses of flowers, and window boxes blossom forth in gay colors. Then Society seeks London, and everything is in full swing. Ascot, the Derby, the Royal Horticultural Flower Show, the Military Tournament at Olympia, the Aldershot Tattoo, the tennis at Wimbledon, the polo at Raneleigh, and finally the regatta at Henley — all these make the springtime, when if ever the weather is at its loveliest, the most gorgeous time to be in England.

If one gets tired of sightseeing in London and feels that one has exhausted — which is impossible, as a lifetime is all too short — the possibilities of the National Gallery or the Tate, or the Victoria & Albert Museum, or even the British Museum itself, there are so many spots about London

easily reached, like Windsor, Oxford, Cambridge, or Stratford-on-Avon, that one suffers from an *embarras de richesse*. A fact — a phenomenon, almost — that amazes us each time that we see it repeated is how quickly London empties itself at week-ends or on Bank Holidays. In one hour, or two hours at most, after business has shut down, the city seems like a country village, empty, deserted. One could wheel a baby carriage down the middle of Piccadilly with perfect safety. And it's all done without noise or confusion. Of course London is fortunately situated and its many railroad termini help enormously; New York might well take a lesson from London on this point. And it might even take a greater lesson from the London police force, who are not only efficient but obliging and polite under any and all circumstances, even with taxi drivers.

Yet of all the capitals we have visited since the war, London seems to show its effect the most. Despite the bustle and gayety of the city, there is a note of sadness difficult to explain. We found it in the bands of crippled veterans singing and playing on the street corners; we found it in the crippled sidewalk artists with their pathetic attempts to make a living; we found it in the scores of elderly, white-haired men and women passing days in the art galleries copying the Old Masters in a last vain desperate effort to capture Fame before the grim Reaper shall strike them down; we found it in the crowds gathered outside the theaters in the evenings to watch the gentry arrive in their motors. But most of all we found it each day in the "agony" column of "The Times," where memorial notices are printed each day. Let me quote just one as an example, and you will grasp the note of sadness that underlies and is England's heritage from the Great War:

"In memoriam: To the radiant memory of my sons, Hills, Bruce, and Victor, who gave their lives for their country. They were glorious in life, and in death they were not divided. — Their Mother."

After all, perhaps our title at the head of this article was an error. London has changed. But it has only changed for the better. Life seems to have taken on a deeper and more sincere tone. This is perhaps as it should be, for a city to be great must have a soul. And only in the pulsing life of a city can one find its soul.

America's Surpluses

An address* before the National Electric Light Convention by

Owen D. Young
Chairman of the General Electric Company

WHAT surpluses have we to deal with in America?

First, and most conspicuous of all, is our agricultural surplus. The proper handling of that problem is the key to farm relief.

Second, we have our raw material surplus outside the field of agriculture, such as our minerals.

Third, we have our industrial surplus, which means more manufactured goods than our people can consume. This surplus is not so large or so uncontrollable as our agricultural surplus. It is more readily financed and lends itself to more orderly marketing. Nevertheless, it is a factor of growing importance and has a substantial relationship to unemployment.

Fourth, we have an exportable surplus of services, such as technical information, managerial and manufacturing experience, banking, insurance and other services, which can be rendered to other nations without diminishing our usable supply at home.

Fifth, we have our surplus of earnings over expenditures. They are our savings, which have been constantly increasing, and which we wish to enlarge. Now I am not prepared to say that this surplus of savings is more than we can use at home. The question is whether some part of them at least can be more usefully employed in the general interest of America outside of the United States than they can be at home.

All of the above questions are not unrelated to the tariff. I mean here a tariff policy as distinguished from a tariff bill.

The problem of the American surplus is one problem and not a series of problems. Whether the surplus is in wheat, cotton, copper, oil, automobiles, or unemployed plants and men, it is one problem from the standpoint of large principle and general policy. We must first of all decide what our national policy is to be with regard to our surplus, and not until that is done can we hope to establish measures for effective relief for our surpluses in any particular field.

Our agricultural problem arises from the fact that in many of our important lines we produce more than we consume. Consumption cannot be materially increased. And no intelligence of human

* As reported by the New York *Times*, June 20, '30.

beings is large enough to adjust our agricultural production to consumption in our domestic markets. Well, what shall we do with our surplus of wheat or cotton? There are only two ways to get rid of it. Either we must burn it at home or sell it abroad. If America starts to burn surplus wheat when people are hungry elsewhere in the world, that fire will start a conflagration which we cannot stop. There is no way out except to market this surplus where men are hungry.

In industry, we must either export our surplus or have corresponding unemployment. The method of reducing the surplus of our mines and factories is to let some part of them lie idle, and worst of all to let the men who have been employed in that production lie idle. In a word, we have merely translated this surplus into other terms, a surplus of mining and manufacturing facilities which are idle and of labor which is likewise idle. The idleness of men who wish to work is the most dangerous surplus which can exist in any country. Its paralyzing blight reaches not only into our economics alone but goes much further. We must learn to deal with this kind of surplus.

It is ridiculous to speak of unemployment as a necessary condition of human society. It is nothing more than a maladjustment of its machinery. It is a blot on our intelligence. It is a drain on our sympathy. It is a promoter of charity which affects disadvantageously both those who give and those who receive. Some day we shall learn to do better.

How can we market these surpluses, both agricultural and industrial? The method is well known. Those who need our goods are the potential buyers. One cultivates his potential buyers. He does not rebuff them. He seeks their friendship and their good will. If they need credit, he extends it. If they have goods which he can take in exchange without curtailing the business in his own country, he makes it a point to take them.

Is that the attitude of America today toward her potential customers? Are we creating goodwill or bad-will in the countries where they live? Are we interesting ourselves in their welfare? Are we concerned about their living standards? Are we extending them credits through our financial machinery? Are we cooperating with them politically in order that they may improve their condition?

I had hoped that that old doctrine of narrow and self-destroying selfishness was being supplanted in this new day by a consciousness that men helped themselves the most by helping others, too. Isolation in our poli-

tics, exclusion in our tariff, means that we will retain as a just penalty to our own littleness the surpluses which we might otherwise market to the peoples of the world and which, so long as they stay with us, destroy our own prosperity.

It has become a habit in certain quarters to malign the so-called international bankers. They are charged with selling the financial resources of America abroad to make a profit for themselves. A moment's reflection will prove that these attacks are either ignorant or malicious.

I venture the statement that these much-maligned international bankers have done much more in the last ten years, and will do more in the next ten, for the relief of our farmer and our industry than all the government agencies which have been or can be employed.

An improvement in international credit machinery will be of the greatest benefit to the United States as a creditor nation having surpluses to sell. In fact, either international finance and credit must be developed to a much greater degree than now or our tariff will have to go if we wish to sell our agricultural and industrial surplus abroad. Something must come in if wheat and cotton and meat are to go out.

When our political policy in international affairs becomes cooperative in spirit, which need not involve us in entanglements or alliances; when our economic policy looks to the economic development of the world as a whole and the improvement of living standards everywhere; when our tariffs and our treaties are made to evidence this spirit (because we are under suspicion now); then we may hope for effective plans for farm relief, for reduction of our surplus of raw materials and manufactured goods, for relief of unemployment, and for — what is most important of all — a better spirit of all nations toward us and toward each other. That means peace, and peace thrives in a world of contentment and mutual welfare. It cannot live in a world or in a nation where there are great inequalities and injustices caused by man-made barriers.

"The Willow King"

Condensed from American Forests and Forest Life (June, '30)

Alice Watts Hostetler
Staff Writer of American Forests and Forest Life

IT MAY be, as Oliver S. Scheifele says, "Every country boy knows that a piece of willow buried in the ground will invariably sprout." However, he was one country boy who converted this natural phenomenon into a remarkably successful factor in erosion and flood control — a cure for just such grief as the Mississippi caused in 1927.

"I plant my trees horizontally instead of vertically and I plant live willow poles instead of seedlings," explains the inventor of what is called angular, submerged tree planting. "By laying the logs about four feet apart in trenches in harmony with the slope of the bank — their feet in the water and heads in the sun and air — a root and tree growth is initiated that will defy the ravages of any raging waters. After three years rampaging rivers cannot budge banks so protected. A tree and root growth will develop the entire length of each pole planted, whether it be 5 or 50 feet long. Young trees will shoot up to a surprising height in a summer — from three to six feet — and the spreading roots will go to amazing depths — as far as 15 feet. The foot of the willow log, always submerged, will supply moisture so that the trees at the upper part will grow as prolifically as those close to the water. The top of the pole, always high above high water, supplies sun and air, sustaining life even when vegetation is under water throughout the flood period."

Between trips to all parts of the world where he is called by his unusual business Mr. Scheifele is found at his home in Waterloo, Ontario.

Mr. Scheifele hopes within two years to screen the mud banks of the River des Pères, near St. Louis, Mo., from view with a willow thicket which will guide the channel in the way it should go. The work was executed this spring. Owing to the deep scouring nature of the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, Mr. Scheifele does not promise miracles in dealing with these temperamental waters. However, he believes that willow planting will be at its best on the many smaller tributaries and will be a factor in preventing the tantrums of the Father of Waters.

He advocates that all levees

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along the Mississippi should have a heavy tree growth on the foreshore and river face to protect them against wave action and scouring. "A score of trees springing from each willow log will make the whole face of the levee immune to erosion and burrowing animals."

He maintains that large sums spent annually by this country at various ports in removing silt could be saved. He would plant willows along the river and tributary banks to prevent erosion and slides, and greatly lessen accumulation of silt in harbors or the mouths of rivers.

When the Ontario government was faced with the question of what to do with the sand dunes of Prince Edward County, Oliver Scheifele convinced the authorities that he should be given a chance to try his system of angular willow planting. The experiment ended so successfully that he has secured many Canadian and American government and private contracts.

He has harnessed a creek that was causing great expense and annoyance to the Erie Railroad by depositing silt upon the tracks during flood season. Protective concrete construction would have been prohibitive in cost; preventive planting cured the trouble at its source.

Where erosion had undermined the road bed of a bridge approach near St. Thomas, Ont., an expensive and elaborate wing dam seemed the only solution. At one-fourth the cost, willow planting saved the situation. Along the Chippewa canal, in Ontario, the deep cut was widening each year. A willow planting project about two miles long stopped frost and wave action, and approximately 20 acres of land were reforested. In 15 years the timber production will pay the cost of that project.

In one place where the beach was gradually washing away on Lake Erie, and vacationists faced the ultimate loss of their summer homes, he not only stopped the gnawing of the waters, but restored an extensive beach.

Although the willows are water lovers, he has succeeded in planting windbreaks on prairie farms far from water by the horizontal method.

Mr. Scheifele prefers to use the *salix alba* or white willow in his work. The willow has an added value in that the stump continues to grow after cutting and will be a continuous source of supply of branches and poles and pulpwood.

How Necessary Is Illness?

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (June, '30)

Ralph Arthur Reynolds, M.D.

ABOUT two million people in this country are sick at all times with diseases largely preventable. We have 700,000 cases of malaria and tuberculosis annually, and there are among us about one million diabetics. Syphilis and gonorrhea remain fairly general, particularly in rural districts, when they might be almost entirely banished by educational prophylaxis carried on among the younger generation.

For every 10,000 live children born in the United States, 65 women lose their lives from causes connected with childbirth. This rate placed us in 1927 21st on the roster of nations collecting data on the subject. Since Chile improved her conditions, the United States is left at the bottom of the list. Further, even with the advantage of the Schick test and toxin-antitoxin, our statistics on the incidence of diphtheria place us low on the list of civilized nations in the prevention of this malady. Constitutional diseases, such as cancer, kidney troubles, and organic heart disease, are on the increase, the latter being responsible for one-third of all deaths. At a time, also, when "nervousness" and incipient mental disease are on the increase, authorities agree that the average practitioner knows less on this subject than a well-informed social worker. We have 100,000 drug addicts and 900,000 feeble-minded, imbeciles, and idiots.

The average man sees the mounting cost to him of illness and the occurrence year after year of preventable disease; he sees no reason why such conditions should be permitted in the most prosperous country on earth which has more physicians per capita (one to 800) than any other country in the world. He wonders how Austria, a country that was in a state of starvation and revolution in 1920, could so successfully reorganize its health program that the infant mortality rate was reduced from 30 percent in 1920 to 8 percent in 1929. He investigates further and finds that Vienna has expressed its dissatisfaction with the medical profession's former lack of attention to preventive medicine by adopting a system of socialized medicine. Vienna spends every year seven dollars per person on public health measures. Compare this with the 90 cents per person which we spend in this country.

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What is Vienna's system, and what has it accomplished? In 1920 Vienna's Social Democratic government established a welfare office to give medical aid to all those in need with as little red tape as possible. Anyone obviously requiring assistance can obtain that assistance promptly, and when individual need discloses poor conditions in the whole family a corresponding extension of assistance is made available.

Under state health insurance, every mother is entitled to a maintenance allowance which gives her care for six weeks before and six weeks after the birth of her child. In cases where blood tests show syphilis, the patient is placed under treatment at once to prevent the child from being affected. Thus congenital syphilis is being noticeably reduced.

The city of Vienna also provides 20,000 dinners daily for underweight school children, and has established an intelligent system of institutions for caring for children whose homes are, for any reason, judged unfit for them to live in. Day nurseries for workers' children are also provided.

One important problem of which our public is bearing the brunt is that of the distribution of physicians. There is a growing tendency among doctors to abandon the rural districts and flock to the cities, where they specialize. As a result, some rural districts have no medical service at all. Statistics for 1923 showed that in Vermont 102 towns contained no physicians; in one county in rural Virginia the proportion of physicians to population was one to 3370. A county in Montana offered a bonus of $100 monthly to a physician who would settle there.

Our distribution of hospitals is just as inadequate. To be adequately equipped a community should, generally speaking, have one hospital bed for every 150 persons. While we had, in 1927, one bed for every 175 persons in New York State and the District of Columbia, there was in Mississippi one to 1054, in Oklahoma one to 980.

How have other countries solved this problem? Perhaps in no other civilized country has the problem been so staggering as in Russia. Yet Russia seems well on the way to solving it. In 1913 there were only 12,677 doctors in all of Russia, or one to every 12,500 people. Under the Communist régime, the government assumed complete control of medicine. Disease was regarded, not as a person's private affair to be indulged in as he saw fit, but as harmful to the State of which the individual was a unit. The shifting of emphasis, therefore, was definitely from curative to preventive medicine. One of the first problems was that of equalizing

the distribution of medical service. It was done in this way: The Soviet Government now supports 97 percent of all the medical students through medical school. As soon as the medical students graduate, they are sent to the rural districts, each to give three years' service wherever he is sent in payment for his training.

Russia has carried active public health to the worker by means of institutions that are unique. I refer to the laborers' night sanatoria. The workers who are not sick enough to stop work, but who need special food and good sleeping conditions, are admitted to these sanatoria. When they leave work in the evening they come to the institutions, are given a bath, and lie down from 6 to 7:30 P.M. They then have dinner and go to bed until 9 P.M., when they have tea, followed by light calisthenics, and retire for the night not later than 10 P.M. In the morning they go to work as usual. These sanatoria undoubtedly reclaim most of the incipient cases of stomach ulcer, tuberculosis, and other chronic illnesses that later constitute a large item in the expense of any industrial concern.

Under the leadership of Dr. Lebedev, a woman physician, the infant death rate over the whole of Russia has been lowered from 35 percent before the war to 19 percent at the present time. This has been accomplished by means of day nurseries for factories, and by a system of pre- and postnatal work. Russia is also dealing comprehensively with the problems of venereal disease.

These are only a few examples of the methods that I saw firsthand last year in Europe — methods that are successfully solving the very problems that we are discussing with increasing fervor here. These countries, as I have stated, are solving their problems by one or another system of socialized medicine. Regardless of what system we apply to our own problems, our public is beginning to demand that in some way we produce similar effective results in the field of public health. The time is at hand when the medical profession must of its own accord shift the emphasis from private practice and curative medicine to preventive medicine and active public health. We shall have to carry adequate medical and hospital service to our rural communities; we shall have to stabilize our fees; we shall have to give, above all, service which convinces the public of its thoroughness and sincerity — otherwise an unwelcome radical system will be forced upon us. The physician of the future will be not only a minister to the sick, but also a teacher of health. Health service for all will be the rule, prevention the watchword.

Bel Geddes

Condensed from Fortune (July, '30)

THE rural store keeper who stuffed his one forlorn show window with shoe laces, doilies, rhubarb, lawn mowers, corsets, and bicycle pumps was not one whit more innocent than the mighty Fifth Avenue merchants of a decade ago. Both thought that a great congeries of goods was the means of catching and keeping the shopper's eye, that if he did not fancy the pastries in the foreground he would in all probability be unable to resist the rubber boots suspended in the rear.

It was in the midst of such overladen show windows that the Yuletide hordes of 1928 proceeded up and down Fifth Avenue, that is, until they arrived at 38th Street. Those who were able to penetrate the crowd were amazed to find their neighbors gaping into a Franklin Simon window, fascinated by a display of just three pieces of merchandise. Behind the enormous pane of glass was a strange, graceful bust sculptured of metal, wearing an Agnès turban and scarf of vermilion and navy blue. A matching hand bag rested on the circular glass platform which supported this glossy little motif. The exhibit was emphasized by concealed spotlights which cast grotesque shadows of the bust in the background, where great triangular shapes were arranged to focus attention on the display group.

The man responsible for the Franklin Simon triumph was an American named Norman Bel Geddes. "The window is the stage," said he, "and the merchandise the players." He may properly be referred to as a man-of-all-design. He has long since left window-dressing commissions to his forty-odd assistants and is approaching the larger problems suggested by trains, automobiles, steamships, airplanes, theaters, restaurants, factories.

By far the greater number of esthetes persist in their snobbish insistence that all true art is remote from considerations of profit. In the past few decades, however, there has matured a generation of artists who not only perceive a connection between beauty, efficiency, and profit, but who insist that these attributes go hand in hand. They have observed, with a logic which seems inescapable, that any modern estheticism must embrace the machine with all its innuendos. They believe in the beauty of a structure perfectly adapted to its purpose and time.

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It is significant that Norman Bel Geddes, one of the most gifted American interpreters of this new ideal, turned to industrial problems after great success as a portrait painter and a stage designer. He regards industry as the basic opportunity of the age in which he was born, and he undertakes to design anything, however humble, confident that he can increase utility at the same time that he increases visual pleasure in the object.

A simple subject—a bed—is illustrative of the manner in which Geddes approaches his task. He does not begin by considering the beds of history. Instead, with truly Socratic curiosity, he asks himself the fundamental questions: What is a bed? What is the most satisfactory bed that can be imagined? Manifestly, it would consist of the simplest possible horizontal and perpendicular sections, perhaps moulded out of one sheet of metal, certainly devoid of extraneous detail such as legs and bedposts. This answer, as rendered by the Simmons Company from Geddes' designs, seems peculiarly felicitous. Such beds have many palpable advantages. Simple and rugged, they combine ease of manufacture and maximum economy of material. They cannot be imagined as either creaking or breaking. They are easily dusted, dismantled, moved. The beds possess sheer, graceful lines and the fine sheen of metal.

It is to be noted that the work of Geddes, although it emphasizes the straight line and such curvilinear formations as lend themselves to easy construction, does not include the senseless complexity of geometrical and rhomboidal forms which characterizes the so-called "modernistic" vogue. Of this tendency, which antagonizes many who like graceful, meaningful contours, Geddes says: "Modernism at the moment consists of a lot of angular gadgets on boxy looking furniture that is not so different in appearance from what used to be called Mission furniture, painted in nursery colors." His own work is singularly free of "angular gadgets"—the purposes and advantages of his details are quite apparent.

The extent to which the appearance and utility of products may be improved is vividly demonstrated by the new North German Lloyd liners *Bremen* and *Europa*. When they appeared on the seas their rakish hull structure, streamlined superstructure, and windbreaking funnels immediately set new standards in naval architecture. Giant ships like the *Berengaria* and the *Leviathan* seemed suddenly squat, square, ponderous.

Three years ago Geddes began studying automotive problems.

"Airplanes, automobiles, ocean liners, and railway trains," says Geddes, "all have the problem of cutting down air resistance. Automobiles have always been designed from the motor outwards . . . whatever grace and beauty they possessed came as an afterthought." Employing the formulas of aërodynamics, he devised a body streamlined as absolutely as possible. Engineers told him that, if built upon an ordinary chassis, it would permit a velocity of 62 m.p.h. when the motor speed was sufficient to propel the same chassis with an ordinary body at 45 m.p.h. His own judgment convinced Geddes that the public, slow to adjust itself to new impressions, would bridle at his extreme design. Hence he called it Car No. 5, implying that it was five years ahead of its time. Working backwards, he produced Car No. 4, Car No. 3, and finally Car No. 1, which he believes the public will accept at the present time. This design is the basis of a new series projected by a prominent automobile manufacturer. So obvious are some of its unprecedented features, so easily copied, that Geddes is obliged to withhold its details.

The imaginative originality indispensable in any designer who would do more than merely elaborate conventional forms is strikingly illustrated by Geddes' suggestions as consultant to the architectural commission of the Chicago World's Fair of 1933. He hopes that a dramatic arrangement of the fair-grounds, preferably in the form of one great amphitheater, may be effected, so that the spectator's interest is heightened as he turns each new corner. Among the Geddes schemes: a water pageant theater in which the 1500 choicest seats are located in floating canoes; an aquarium restaurant whose walls and ceiling consist of glass tanks brimming with fish; a gigantic *al fresco* cabaret threaded with tunnels which conceal the scurrying waiters and provide rambling platforms upon which the entertainers may perform in any section of the vast enclosure; an aerial restaurant revolving on a steel shaft, offering a changing panorama of Chicago from a height of 275 feet.

President H. D. Bennett, of Toledo, may have been dubious about entrusting scale design to the inexperienced and suspiciously esthetic Geddes. But so impressed was he with the result that he engaged his scale designer to create an entirely new plant for the Toledo Scale Company and associated companies. There are many who feel that the industrial civilization is capable of producing a vibrant, distinctive art, and that Toledo's plant, now under construction, is an example and a harbinger.

Prohibition and the Negro

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (May 28, '30)

Archibald Rutledge

Author of "Old Plantation Days," "Children of Swamp and Wood," etc.

ONE day I went down to a river with a half-dozen of my Negro deer-drivers, intending to hunt on the farther side. We had hopes of getting a man to ferry us over. But to all our whoops and blowing of horns there was no response. Finally I said, altogether in jest:

"Sammy, why don't you give the bootlegger's whoop?"

My henchmen were instantly convulsed. Sammy, with guilty self-consciousness, stepped forward and gave a weird imitation of the hoot of the barred owl. Hardly had the echoes of his voice died away before we saw the prow of a boat edge slyly out of the marsh on the farther side of the river. We got our transportation.

What has prohibition done for the Negro? The utmost candor is needed to answer the question.

The history of the whole prohibition movement in the South is pretty largely the history of the attempt to take intoxicants away from the Negro. The whites welcomed prohibition; for they knew it would not touch them, and they believed it would make control of the Negro easier.

But when prohibition was applied, its effects were not exactly what were anticipated. With things humanly created, one does sometimes gather bad fruit from a good tree. The design of prohibition was unquestionably noble and high, just as any other attempt after perfection is. But the ancient obstacle to its attainment is human nature itself — mobile, crafty, acute, dextrous. We took away from the Negro by federal law the use of intoxicants. Have we bettered his condition?

It has been the history of racial contacts that weaker races have generally succumbed to the vices of stronger races before the virtues of the stronger had time to civilize the latter. When the French went to Zanzibar, the aborigines vanished. So did the original inhabitants of the West Indies when the Spanish and the English came. Only by heroic last-minute measures have we saved in our own country a pathetic remnant of the former owners of this continent.

One of the marvels of ethnology is the survival of the Negro in a white civilization. The chief thing that has kept the Negro from vanishing has been his tendency to be rural, and therefore natural.

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In the cities, the Negro is fully exposed to the temptations which the white man either resists or accepts with a keen understanding of how the penalties are best to be avoided. But not so the Negro. He is shut out from so many necessities that when luxuries are offered he is never the man to refuse. My acquaintance among rural Negroes has been extensive, lifelong, and intimate; and I can truthfully say that if I saw a Negro refuse a drink I should seriously question his sanity.

Let us accept the fact that the Negro is generally both thirsty and hungry; that he has a taste for strong drink. In the old days, he was permitted to get a certain amount, and it did him no moral good. But at least it did him little physical harm. What he got was generally good of its kind. Now, he drinks all he can get of what is offered. And what is this? Creosote, fusel oil, shoe polish, paint remover, tick-eradicator, embalming fluid, fire extinguisher, and other American nectars. Everywhere I see Negroes impaired in health from this cause. Just at present, because this law is not enforced, we are poisoning the Negro. This is one solution of the race problem which has not my approval.

Again, for the first time in history, the Negro has become actively engaged in the manufacture of illicit liquors. How can he resist the temptation of the white bootlegger who offers him "cash money" for firing a still?

While the prohibition law had not any designs against the life and happiness of the Negro, it is a fact that it is poisoning him and is teaching him to be a lawbreaker. Because in the South the law has always been in the hands of the white man, the Negro has ever had for it a wholesome terror. But now, seeing one set of whites pitted against another set, he joins one faction. Negroes have an inherent sympathy for the underdog; and they frequently keep a close watch on Federal agents, and warn distillers of their approach. They really don't know what it's all about.

Because I have so long known and so long loved the rural Negro, and found in him a humble loyalty that I hardly know where else to discover, I have come to resent any power that corrupts this fine integrity. I have found that at present prohibition is such a corrupting influence. It seems to make for slyness and evasiveness.

All my life I have admired the deep sagacity and the thrilling precision of clairvoyance of Negro woodsmen. Many of the happiest hours of my life I have spent with these dusky hunters. But how do I find their knowledge of woodcraft now employed? Not in

tracking a deer; not in locating a flock of wild turkeys; not in capturing a marauding bull alligator that has been playing havoc among the stock. No; all this delicately adjusted and aboriginal intelligence I find turned into an illicit channel. I find among my erstwhile simple and ingenuous Negro friends a growing furtiveness, a secretiveness, a disconcerting tendency to be serpentine. These children are getting wily.

Not long ago a defender of prohibition called my attention rather sharply to the fact that, as far as he could judge, rural Negroes were dressing better, and seemed to have more money than formerly. And he attributed this change to the fact that the Negroes' money, instead of being spent for strong drink, was now spent for the necessities of life. Such a view is a mere halcyon dream. If the Negro has more money now, it is mainly because he makes it out of breaking the national law. If obscure and backward people, with little education, who never had money before this time, are now appearing prosperous, there can be small doubt into what business they have gone. Indeed, at least in that part of the South with which I am well acquainted, there is no more startling phenomenon than the sudden comical rise of a class of people who heretofore have been distinguished chiefly by constitutional inertia. White men who were formerly forlorn poachers now have well built houses, and fine cars standing at their doors. What has wrought this magic? Prohibition. And if the Negro sees the white man advancing by this route, can you expect him not to follow the same road?

When I go back to the plantation, as I do twice a year, I find a change coming over the Negro, and it does not seem to me to be for the better. Hypocrisy is in the air. There are signs, countersigns, and pass-words. There is an atmosphere of apprehension, concealment, fearfulness. I see bootleggers' cars racing down otherwise beautiful and peaceful roads. I see the cars of federal agents racing after the bootleggers' cars. I see strange white men and furtive Negroes emerging from dusky deer-haunts in the woods. The forest smokes with stills. The solemn starlit night is raucous with throbbing engines of motors and motor-boats. I feel ill at ease. A vast underground business is going on, and its effect on the Negro I love is ruinous.

Wedding March

Condensed from The Mentor-World Traveler (June, '30)

Herbert Gorman

Two well-known magazines, "The Mentor" and "World Traveler," have been combined. The publishers speak of "The Mentor" as the "June bride of the 'World Traveler'." Appropriately enough, the first article is "Wedding March."

LET us reconstruct a wedding of the Middle Ages. The gray walls of the houses echo to blithe notes as beribboned minstrels play upon flower-adorned pipes. Behind the musicians stalks a solemn youth bearing before him the bridecup or vase of silver-gilt. It is festooned with ribbons. Then comes the bride escorted by two bachelors and, if she is of any social importance, further guarded by a dozen knights. Her hair hangs down over her face and it is only when the wind ruffles it that her downcast eyes and flushed face can be seen. It is from this custom of the hair hanging down over the face that the sweeping bridal veils of today take their origin.

After the bride comes a group of maidens bearing the bridal cake. Then follow young girls with garlands of wheat, signs of auspicious fecundity. They are all dressed in bright colors and have flowers braided in their hair. After them comes the groom, walking proudly in vivid-hued garments, escorted by best men and close friends. The nearest relatives come next, and after them in the procession the lesser friends and acquaintances.

Last of all, looking as indifferent as possible, comes the father of the bride. He yawns, he pauses to fasten his shoe, and in other ways displays his nonchalance to the laughing bystanders. There are several explanations for the medieval father-in-law's indifference. One suggests that having provided the bride with a dowry he wishes to register the fact that the disgorging of this money was but a bagatelle to him. Or, as the bride's mother is weeping at the loss of her daughter, he is anxious to convey the impression that he is of hardier metal.

The procession reaches the church and gathers in a semicircle before the porch while the bride and groom advance toward the waiting priest. The few responses are made; the priest then blesses the couple, and the husband announces in a loud voice the amount of the bride's dowry.

From the church the wedding party proceeds to near-by tables that are groaning beneath boars'

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heads, hams, great meat pies, fruits of all sorts and endless jugs of wine. There is gorging of food, overdrinking, loud laughter, song, dances and all the released excitement that follows sacred ceremonies. The medieval ceremony was a good gusty one.

For humorous features we must go back to the old Breton marriage customs, which are still practiced.

Soon after dawn on the wedding day the Breton groom comes to his bride's house to claim her. He is accompanied by his friends, who instantly lay siege to the house. How silent it is! Doors are locked and curtains drawn. The spokesman for the groom pounds at the door but there is no response from the apparently indifferent bride's family. Then the bagpipes begin to skirl, but to no avail.

After an hour or so the corner of the window opens and one of the bride's kinsmen begins to parley with the besiegers. He requests the groom to go away, but, naturally, the groom declines. The bride's parents come to the window and an old marriage song is sung in alternate strophes by the besieged parents and the spokesman for the would-be husband. After that one of the bride's kinsmen issues from the house and strives to drive the groom and his friends away. It is no use, of course.

Discouraged, the kinsman reenters the house and comes out again leading an old crone by the hand. He offers her in place of the bride to the groom. The groom declines. The kinsman then procures and offers a young baby. The groom scorns the baby. Then one after the other the kinsman brings out the bride's grandmother, her mother and her sister. Each time the groom vehemently refuses the proposed substitution.

At last the kinsman with apparent reluctance comes out of the house leading the bride. There is a shout of joy from all those gathered before the house while bride and groom exchange sprigs of myrtle. Dancing on the green to the high skirl of bagpipes takes place and then the entire party crowd into the bride's house for prayers. A feast comes later at which the groom stands and serves his friends.

But not all ceremonies are so elaborate. There is, for instance, the wedding day in Burmah. Upon that auspicious morning the groom walks to the bride's house followed by a bullock cart heaped with all his earthly goods. Reaching the house, he finds the bride dressed in her wedding garments and seated before a steaming bowl of rice. He seats himself beside her and they partake of the hot rice from the same bowl. The headman of the village or the

father of the bride, who is present with the other guests, cries out, "It is done!"

That is all. The bride and groom finish up the rice and go home together with the bullock cart creaking behind them.

It is the Maori groom in the bush of Australia who has a hard time of it. Even nature is leagued against him. After falling in love the young Maori youth confesses the fact not to the bride but to his own father and mother. They send him out into the wilderness to cope with danger, hunger and solitude, for only in this primitive way may they assure themselves that he is worthy to be the head of a family.

The youth disappears into the bush where he must live by his wits, fight off wild animals, warm himself as best he may, and partake of what food the wilderness has to offer.

The son having departed for the wilds his father and mother repair to the parents of the girl and, after much argument, settle upon a marriage price. Then they arrange a fine feast at their home and during the feast the bride-to-be does all the solo dancing.

When the feast is finished and dancing is concluded a messenger is sent after the groom. It is often weeks before the wandering, half-starved fellow is found, for the farther away in the wilderness he is, the stronger must be his ardor, so the Maoris think. He may even have perished in the jungle. In that case the marriage price is returned to the bride's parents and the groom's father is merely out one son and a feast.

It is interesting to observe that food is always taken at weddings in all countries. The wedding cake, so pleasant a custom at our own weddings, is a part of this superstition that has endured for generations. The partaking of food is not merely to promote conviviality. Among many peoples the eating of food together by the bride and groom is the essence of the ceremony. The partaking of food has its mystical properties and signifies, in part, a coming together and a sharing and a fusing into oneness.

In whatever manner the bride comes to the marriage feast, whether it be over a runway hung with cloth of gold, or reluctantly from her door to the impatient groom, the essential meaning is always the same. It is the divine and unalterable bestowing of one's self, and though much of the meaning of the ceremonies has vanished, there is yet a lurking mystery about such ordinary usages as the bestowal of the ring that awakens solemn conjectures.

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

A SENSITIVE old lady who lives on the edge of White Plains is quite bewildered. She wrote a letter to the electric-light company complaining that linesmen working around a telephone pole in a lane next her house had been using profane and blasphemous language. She got back an answer to this complaint from the manager of the district office, saying that he had had the men before him for an explanation and that their version of the matter was this: One of them, up the pole, had spilt a quantity of hot, molten solder down the neck of another, standing below, and the latter had exclaimed, "Really, Howard, you must be more careful!" The old lady keeps the letter about, reading it frequently and shaking her head sadly.

Few people are content with their life work. Certainly we are not, and this is partly due to our awareness of the fate that overtakes old copies of *The New Yorker*. When a magazine is a week old, it is either in a dentist's office, a garbage can, or on the floor under the radiator. This week, therefore, we were greatly cheered to hear what happens to our publication in Japan. A Mr. Engelhart of the United States Embassy in Tokio wrote us to say that he gets his eggs from the butcher and that they come in little paper bags made from old copies of *The New Yorker*. What a marvelous world it is, and what a great people the Japanese.

What immaculate and sober gentleman in evening dress, as the gossip columnists say, leaped fully clothed into the Shelton pool the other night? Well, it was a North Shore real-estate operator named Smith, a man of the finest character and highest ideals. He was there with his small daughter and some friends. They all put on bathing suits and went swimming, except the realtor, who decided merely to watch. He did so from the balcony. Of a sudden, he leaped over the rail, dived into the water, and began swimming briskly about, boiled shirt and all. When he climbed out he explained himself briefly to an alarmed attendant. "All my life," he said, "I have wanted to do exactly that."

If you are in the market for a thousand-dollar panama hat, as you probably aren't, one of the places to go is to Dobb's store at

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Fifth and Fifty-seventh, where you will find six of them on display in a small glass case, padlocked, near the door. They are the pick of the annual output from Ecuador, especially selected by the Ecuadorian government itself, and sent to New York more as museum pieces than for sale — just, so to speak, to show what their weavers can do in the way of a hat, when they set their minds to it. All the best panamas come from Ecuador, and none, of course, from Panama. They got that name simply because Panama used to be the great trading center where most of them were bought and sold. Others, cheaper grades for the most part, are made in Peru and Colombia. You can tell one from the other, by the way, very easily: look inside the hat at the nub, or "button," at the center of the crown, where the weave begins. If the button is perfectly round, the hat is from Ecuador; if it's square from Colombia; in one from Peru, it's oval.

Another thing: The old legend that panamas were woven by natives sitting neck-deep in water is just a legend, nothing more. They are woven of fibres split from the leaf of the toquilla plant, which are then dried, and sorted according to size. The Ecuadorian weavers use finer fibres and roll them between their hands to make them round; the weavers of Peru and Colombia leave the fibres flat, which makes their hats more likely to curl and crack. Nobody does any weaving under water, but in making cheaper hats, the fibres are dipped occasionally, to keep them damp. Again the Ecuadorians do things better. They do all their weaving during the few hours, early morning or late afternoon, when the very air of the tropic day is moist.

There are only 13 weavers in the world able to turn out hats light enough (half an ounce to an ounce is the weight) and fine enough in texture to be worth a thousand dollars. All 13 are Inca Indians, living in one town in Ecuador. It takes each man from three months to a year to make one of these hats.

A sailor who wanted to kiss a girl and couldn't afford a cab ride walked with her over to the Grand Central Terminal. They mingled with the crowd which was just about to pass through the track gates, and kissed. Others were kissing, and no one paid any attention — no one except an idle meddler who noted that neither the sailor nor the girl got on that train. They simply walked over to another gate, joined the crowd there, and kissed some more.

Some people have a fear that

the weight of the numerous buildings put up in New York of recent years is going to cause the earth's surface to crack and that the island may buckle up and sink into the ocean any time. Henry Ford has a touch of this fear. He said the other day, "Cities had better stop piling up skyscrapers — it's possible to get too much weight on the surface." Well, an engineer of repute and experience, one who himself has put up some of the buildings, advises us that there is no danger whatever, at least so far as New York is concerned.

New York is built on solid rock, as is generally known, and nobody can tell how deep it goes or what is underneath. Our engineer says he suspects one might bore for miles and still find rock. At any rate the ledge is capable of sustaining enormous weight. But it doesn't have to. Astonishingly the erection of a tall building seldom adds to the dead weight of New York City, because the rock excavated to make way for the skyscraper is likely to weigh more than the building that goes up. That new t llest structure in the world, the Chrysler Building, considerably lightens the burden of the world's crust. It weighs approximately 60,000 tons. The rock and earth excavated for its foundations and basements weighed approximately 130,000 tons. It isn't as if all the rock were taken from one place on the island and dumped on another, either. It used to be that contractors would haul their material to a "fill" along Riverside Drive or somewhere. These days, because of the traffic, the contractors haul their stone to a barge and it is towed out and dumped into the Atlantic.

An author, accompanied by his wife, retreated to a town in New England to live quietly for a few months, while he finished a novel. He wasn't a very well-known author, but he nevertheless caused quite a flutter among the townsfolk, who are descended from people who saw Whittier and Longfellow and appreciate the possibility of a literary tradition. Callers shortly became so numerous that the author and his wife had little time of their own, until the husband succeeded in putting a stop to their visits. When a sainted old lady called before teatime one afternoon and lingered until almost dinner, the host contrived to escort her to the gate. "Oh," she said, "I think your wife is charming!" "Wife?" murmured the author. "Wife? Oh — I see — you mean the blonde woman." He motioned toward the living room, where they had left the fair spouse. After that the couple had no more callers and great progress was made on the book.

Without Benefit of Fireworks

Condensed from the Delineator (July, '30)

William Lyon Phelps
Professor of English Literature, Yale University

JUST as the old methods of celebrating the Fourth of July have given place to a more quiet, more safe, and more sensible commemoration, so the conception of patriotism today has in general reached a higher and more dignified plane than in the past. True patriotism, is shown, not by boastful jingoism, but by manners and conduct that display good breeding. One of Webster's definitions of patriotism is "devotion to the welfare of one's country."

In general, I think it may be said that the Americans in Europe who are unpopular are so because they deserve to be. They carry an American flag as a badge, they proclaim loudly the inferiority of everything they see in comparison with what they know at home, they ridicule the customs they find prevalent, they make a vulgar display of money, and when they embark for America, they let every one know they are going back to "God's country." Such persons are undoubtedly rarer in Europe than they used to be: we are learning good manners. But enough of them are left to make good Americans ashamed.

I should like to see all Americans, instead of being proud of having the greatest wealth in the world, or the most powerful navy — I should like to see them proud of belonging to the most unselfish country in the world. I think it is true that Americans are the most amiable of all people; but I should like to see the word "American" stand not merely for good nature, but for good behavior, for modesty, for kindness, for tolerance, for breadth of mind and culture. Let us compete with other countries not in armaments or in riches, but in the fruits of the spirit.

A man who is nobly ambitious does not wish to excel his neighbors in physical strength or in truculence; he wants them to like him, to respect him, to come to him as an intimate friend. The same thing applies to one's country. A loyal and patriotic American does not have to wave the flag or beat the drum. He wants his country so to behave in the eyes of the world that we shall be the most admired of all nations; that our actions will be better than our words; that we shall always be expected to do the right thing because we are

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Americans and have high standards. Whatever sacrifices are involved in gaining the love and respect and confidence of other countries are certainly judiciously made. We cannot afford to insist on the legal pound of flesh at the price of hatred.

The patriotic American will be like a true sportsman, who would rather be defeated in a contest than win dishonorably.

He himself will not only say, but in solitude *think* the word "foreigner" without the slightest trace either of dislike or of condescension. The word "foreigner" must be a description and never an epithet. We must learn to call people of foreign nations by their correct names — and never call them Huns, Wops, Frog-eaters, Chinks, Japs, Squareheads and other insulting appellations.

A dislike of foreigners is invariably the mark of an immature mind. When a child hears two Russians talking together in their own tongue, he laughs. It seems funny to the child because of his ignorance.

Professor Robert Millikan, one of the foremost physicists of the world, says in his latest book that there are three leading ideas in the world of thought and science. First, foremost, and of the highest importance, he puts the Golden Rule. He believes this law to be more important than the law of gravitation or the principle of evolution. It is the profoundest truth known to man. The Greatest Teacher in history not only said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," but in response to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" He left no doubt that our neighbors were all the children of men. The fact that a man lives on the other side of a national boundary does not cancel his neighborliness.

Live and let live. Remember that while prejudice is an ugly thing and tolerance a fine thing, there is something more splendid than tolerance. It is fellowship.

The actual realization that all the world is one family is the ideal for the true patriot. If the words "fatherhood of God" and "brotherhood of man" have any meaning whatever, then there can be no such thing as a foreign war. Every war is a civil war.

But not only is international friendship desirable, it has become a necessity. As the murder of another man's body is the suicide of the murderer's soul, so one nation cannot with any spiritual safety fight another.

The most "Glorious Fourth" in the future will be that one which celebrates, in the language of the poet, "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

Science Notes

Railroad trains can hereafter manufacture their own weather as they roll along, and a Pullman or a day coach in midsummer may then be cooler than an outside cabin on an ocean liner. An aircleaning and cooling system for cars on passenger-trains has just been successfully tested by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and is now in regular service. — *Literary Digest.*

A mechanical device whereby those who cannot hear with their ears may "listen" with their teeth was demonstrated here today [June 30] by Professor Frederick Bedell of the Department of Physics of Cornell University, inventor of that device.

Guests at the demonstration appeared to sip music through straws, the straws being slender pieces of wood, sharpened at one end, which was placed in contact with a vibrating mechanism. The other end was held in the teeth of the listener.

Professor Bedell's device consists of a vibrating element surrounded by a sheet of rubber and attached to a wire, which can be plugged into the sound reproducers in any motion picture house or connected with the radio at home. The mechanism is only a little larger than a baseball and can be carried easily in an ordinary handbag or fastened to the back of a seat in a theater.

The inventor demonstrated that music almost inaudible to the ears of a normal person can be distinctly heard through the teeth. The listener held the vibrating mechanism in his lap and the sound vibrations, transmitted through the stick, passed directly to the auditory nerves through the bones. No ear drums are needed. Professor Bedell said that only destruction of the auditory nerves prevents hearing by the teeth. He completed his device after consultation with members of the medical faculty of Johns Hopkins University, who said that about two-thirds of the deaf could hear through teeth vibration.

The sticks used for "sipping" sounds could be discarded after using and a new one supplied to each listener. — *New York Times.*

Among the novel features included in New York's 63-story Doherty Building will be double-deck elevators which will take on and discharge passengers of two floors simultaneously. This will be the first time such elevators have been placed in actual use, it is said. — *Christian Science Monitor.*

Records of a reception given to George Washington, first President of the United States, in 1790, show that 2000 candles were used to illuminate the hall, at a cost of about $10 an hour. Electric illumination of the same degree would today cost about 20 cents an hour. — *Dun's International Review.*

Reminiscent of the moats around medieval castles, walls of water will encircle the three-story vault that will occupy almost an entire block underneath the new Irving Trust Company Building, now under construction in Wall Street, New York

City. Resting on solid rock foundations, the bottom of the vault will be 69 feet under the street, well below sea level.

When the building is finished and the vault sides flooded, the bank's employes will be able to enter the subterranean treasure house only by means of air locks and pumps such as those used by tunnel workers under rivers. As for burglars or other intruders, they could not penetrate it unless they had submarine equipment.

A 40-foot "water wall" is one of the features of an elaborate system of safeguards that protect the gold vaults of the Bank of France, in Paris, which cover two and a half acres 200 feet beneath the street. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

A simple, inexpensive radio set, made up of a fixed receiving coil and head phones, will enable trapped miners to receive messages from those working to rescue them. Such a set has been found to receive Morse signals sent through 300 feet of sandstone and limestone over Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, said Prof. A. S. Eve, of McGill University, Montreal. — *Science News-Letter.*

An aural electro-cardiograph apparatus which enables a surgeon to hear the beating heart of a patient during the entire period of a serious operation, so that prompt emergency measures can be taken if and when the heart should weaken or fail, has been invented by two prominent medical men, Dr. E. F. Goldschmidt, of New Haven, Conn., and Dr. E. P. Boas, of Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City.

The device consists of a special set of electrodes that are to be attached to the body of the patient, which pass along the feeble impulses of electricity, due to the heartbeat, to a sensitive vacuum amplifier, which magnifies these impulses thousands of times before they are fed to an audible reproducer. The physician hears them as veritable "thumps" that can be heard as easily as hammer blows on steel. And he does not have to wear any cumbersome or interfering appliances that would most certainly impair his skill while conducting the operation.

Ordinarily when patients are undergoing an operation the only sign the surgeon has of the condition of the heart of the patient is what he is told by the anesthetist, who occasionally feels the pulse of the patient with his fingers. — *New York Herald Tribune.*

Sleep curled up like a kitten, and not stretched out like a ramrod. That was the advice of Dr. H. M. Johnson, of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, after investigations that disclosed startling differences with the teachings of physicians. The greatest possible relaxation, he said, is in a coil resembling a kitten's, or a sprawling posture like that of a swimmer. A badly designed or narrow bed limits the number of possible changes of position — and a typical individual shifts his position 33 times a night, the studies revealed. — *New York World.*

The manna which the children of Israel ate during their sojourn in the Sinai wilderness was the sap of a des-

ert shrub, the tamarix, drawn off and predigested by insects and dried to hardness in the desert air.

The vexed question of just what was this food, which seemed miraculous to the hungry refugees from Pharaoh's wrath, has been investigated by a special expedition of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

There has always been a dispute among scholars as to whether manna was an edible lichen, a low form of plant life that grows on the desert soil of the Sinai region, or whether it was the hardened sweet sap of the tamarix shrub. The studies of the expedition established that it is the same thing known elsewhere as "honey-dew" — the sap of the plant drawn off by aphids and exuded from their bodies. It is produced by one or two species of aphids on a single species of tamarix in sufficient quantity to form large drops that harden into sweetish grains of solid substance. Chemical analysis showed that it contains three varieties of sugar, as well as other compounds. — *Science Service,* quoted in *Scientific American.*

An invisible and silent policeman-of-the-air, which will stand in the geographical center of the United States at Grand Island, Neb., and listen to the faintest radio whispers from all parts of the country, is nearing completion for the radio division of the Department of Commerce.

Its ears will be composed of what are said to be the most sensitive receivers ever constructed. Its job will be to keep an accurate check of all radiocasting to see that the transmitting stations do not "wander" off their allotted wavelengths.

Incidentally, one of its tasks will be to keep the "peanut whistle" off the air — that shrill audible sound known as the heterodyne note.

The station will cost approximately $50,000 and a request for an additional appropriation of $30,000 has been made for Diesel engines and oil tanks to supply the station with its power.

Reception from all parts of the world will be maintained at this station so that it will be a listening post for all the radio tongues of the globe. The building is complete in itself, with dormitories, and 24 hour service can be maintained. — Special from Monitor Bureau, *Christian Science Monitor.*

How one of the large Hollywood motion picture laboratories has turned its tanks of old developing solutions into a silver mine yielding $6000 a month is told by the Bureau of Standards. The emulsion on undeveloped film consists largely of silver, associated with bromine to form silver bromide. When developed, the silver bromide that has been exposed to light changes to metallic silver. Though miles of film are run through the solutions weekly, and they contain large quantities of silver, they were formerly thrown into the sewer when their power was exhausted. Now, by a simple chemical process, the silver is recovered, and sold to the U. S. Mint at San Francisco. Old film is also burned to recover the silver, and sometimes yields as much as $1000 worth of silver a month in addition. — *Science.*

Origins

Tantalus, a son of Jupiter, was given the right of feasting with the gods and even sharing their secrets. He became unduly proud and at one time betrayed one of their secrets. As a punishment, Tantalus was placed in Tartarus and tormented with hunger and thirst. Just before his face hung a bough of tempting fruit which ever retreated as Tantalus tried to grasp it. He stood in water to his chin, but each time he leaned to drink, this flowed away. So from the name of this tormented man comes our word *tantalize.*

Contributed by Margaret Newby, Nappanee, Ind. (and others).

The word *roué* throws light upon a curious though shameful page of history. It is a term applied to a man of profligate character and conduct; but properly and primarily means one "wheeled," or broken on the wheel. Now the first person who gave it its secondary meaning was the profligate Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the interval between the reigns of Louis the 14th and 15th. It was his miserable pride to collect around him companions as worthless and wicked as himself, and these he called his "roués," inasmuch as there was not one of them that did not deserve, as he was wont to boast, to be broken on the wheel, — that being then in France the punishment for the worst malefactors.

Contributed by John A. Mella, New York City (and others).

Manufacture is derived from "manu," by the hand, and "facere," to do or make, thus the word originally meant "made by hand" but now we run across such paradoxical phrases as "Untouched by hand during manufacture."

Contributed by Mrs. E. H. Kendall, Pasadena, Calif.

An early acquisition of the English language from the Danish was the word *by* or *bye*, signifying a village or small town. Hence a by-road was a road leading from the highway or high-road to the little village. The highway was built and maintained by the king or by some overlord. The by-way was a village or local project. Bye-elections are still held in England. In our own country, the local unit of any extensive organization has its by-laws, which apply only to the single unit and set forth its will regarding those matters which are subject to its regulation.

Contributed by Hubert E. Cotton, Hancock, Wis.

In ancient Rome, the Forum was the place where great questions were debated and news of outstanding importance was announced. In the city proper, there is a place where three streets come together. This is the *Tri-via*, meaning three roads. Here people met and gossiped so much that an idle story was branded as of *tri-via* source, or *trivial.*

Contributed by M. H. Jackson, Madison, Wis.

The constellation of "The Twins," Latin title, "Gemini," is easily recognized by two nearly equally bright stars, close together. The way in which the two stars stand out in the sky no doubt suggested "twins," a name in use for centuries. For these twins the names Castor and Pollux have been in use since the Roman period. The two stars represented gods to the Romans and a temple was dedicated to them. The Romans also

used these stars as a common object of abjuration, and our common slang phrase of today, *By Jiminy* is a survival of the old Roman oath. — Comment by Chabot Observatory Staff in *Oakland Tribune.*

Contributed by Zola Jansen, Berkeley, Calif.

Unmarried females once spun all the thread out of which they later wove the household linens and trousseaus that they would need when they were married. Hence all girls were busy spinning until they married and were called *spinsters.* If they did not marry at all they might be said to be spinning (in preparation for the hoped-for event) all their lives. From this the term began to be applied to old maids.

Contributed by Dorothy Neill, St. Joseph, Mo.

The King of Siam used to present a white elephant to the courtiers whom he wished to ruin. As the white elephant was sacred, it could not be disposed of in any way, and the expense of keeping it usually proved sufficiently disastrous. Hence our modern term *white elephant* — and who has not thought he had one at some time or other?

Contributed by Marion E. Trow, Decatur, Ill. (and others).

A river in Spain was named by the ancient inhabitants of the Iberian peninsula the "Ix," which meant simply "river." When the Moors invaded Spain, they called it the "Wadi Ix," meaning the River Ix. Later the Spaniards took the name, eliding it and spelling it "Guadix." They then called the stream the Rio Guadix. And today American tourists sometimes refer to it as the Rio Guadix River, meaning "river river river river."

Contributed by Dean Wilder, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Booze is a slang term derived from the Dutch word "buizen" which means to drink to excess. The word is found as early as 1560 in an ancient English play called "Health and Wealth." Spenser, in his "Faerie Queene," speaks of Gluttony imbibing too freely from a "bouzing can." It is not often that slang words of today were legitimate expressions in good use in the classics of former times.

Contributed by George Cunningham, Kansas City, Mo.

In early England when thatched roofs were built a space was left on the ground where the water from the eaves might run down and drip off. This space was called the "eavesdrip" and still later was modified to "eavesdrop." It seems that even in those days there were persons who were not above standing in that space at night, at doors and windows, to listen to what the occupants were saying and doing inside their homes. Such people were dubbed *eavesdroppers* — a name which has remained with them to this day.

Contributed by Margaret Albi, St. Catherines, Ont.

Architectural Notes

Excerpts from The American Architect

A PROPOSED 40-story building in Philadelphia will have 7 stories of garage space, 15 stories of offices, a loft floor for building equipment, and 15 floors of apartments. Here in one building without necessity for commuting, a man can have his office and home. Even in the most severe winter weather he needs neither hat nor coat to pursue his ordinary activities.

Colored concrete has made its appearance in road building. A 60-foot strip of concrete, rose in color, has been laid along the center of Canal Street, New Orleans.

In 1928, 35.2% of the people in 257 representative cities lived in one-family houses as against 58.3% in 1921. Quite a comment on the changing habits of the American People!

Dutch housewives with traditional thrift have solved the question of unwelcome callers. A door bell is installed that rings only when a coin is put in a slot. Welcome callers get their money back; others don't. Postmen, being privileged characters, are provided with special discs that fit the machine and are returned after use.

A noise filter is now being perfected which will be placed in windows and not only keep the uproar of the street from the ears of those indoors, but also remove dust and dirt from incoming air, according to R. F. Norris, acoustical engineer for the Burgess Laboratories, in speaking before the Illinois Society of Architects. He explained that most offices are noisy because their walls and floors have no sound absorbing qualities, sound often coming in and reverberating until it is five times as noisy inside the building as outside.

Now comes the announcement that Los Angeles is in the limelight with a 12-story building to be erected there with a landing field on the roof. Construction will be similar to that of landing decks on aircraft carriers. The building will be 152 x 965 feet and is estimated to cost $11,500,000.

Bricks so big that one of them would make the wall of a small bungalow are forecast in the announcement of the discovery of a new building material at Pennsylvania State College. The bricks, manufactured by a new process, may be made 20 feet long, 5 feet wide and 6 to 8 inches thick; color, red or buff. The material is apparently intended for road building, but there is obviously a larger field of usefulness if it proves at all practicable for building purposes.

Rooms in the new Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, will be chilled as desired, for the radiators are to give heat or cold according to the season.

An entirely new idea in interior decorating through the medium of colored light that paints countless designs and colors on walls and ceilings at will has been developed. The first commercial installation of the

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system has been made in the ballroom of the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn. An operator may decorate the room for a morning wedding, change the scheme for a luncheon, adapt an entirely new conception for an afternoon bridge party, paint college colors on the walls and ceilings for a fraternity dance, and so on *ad infinitum*. Colors and designs may be changed at will, the glory of a sunrise merging into the dusky grayness of a storm at sea; ghastly green faces appearing and disappearing, changing to floral and other designs as the operator wills, and at an instant's notice. It is like a master organist with the whole gamut of colors as his keyboard, combining his tones and harmonies as the spirit moves.

The entire room is finished in flat white paint to provide the "canvas" upon which is "painted" with light various patterns and color combinations.

Frank Lloyd Wright states that he proposes to build four New York City apartment houses of inverted 18-story pyramids of glass, copper and concrete with steel furnishings. He intends to banish walls in their present form and to substitute vast windows transparent or translucent as needed. The towers will be much larger at the top than at the bottom and stand on a base or pedestal of reinforced concrete; through the center of the building, from base to roof, will be a core of reinforced concrete. They will be located on the property of the Church of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie.

In discussing this project Mr. Wright said:

"There is beauty in steel that we have overlooked, that symbolizes our times. We live in a mechanical age, and unless we turn it to our own account it will turn us to its account. So I propose to make my towers of glass and steel with copper floors, and thus get the maximum of light and air. My buildings will be modern, — not modernistic.

"From now on our buildings will be constructed in parts, as an automobile is manufactured, and then assembled. That means they will be carted to the building site in sections and fitted together without the bother of lengthy construction work. It's a big step ahead, we think, and truly representatively American."

Our future cities will spread out over great areas like monstrous eagles. One hundred years from today we shall have no batteries of skyscrapers to point out to our transatlantic visitors. On the contrary our future cities, because of the aerial eye, will be flat-topped, and two out of every three buildings will serve as some kind of landing area for a super-auto gyroplane or a transcontinental express. What towers there are will be built at a great distance from the airports and will serve as mooring masts for giant dirigibles. The architects of our future aerial cities may have to go back to places like Constantinople and Fez for their inspiration of these future flat-topped aerial cities, where one finds a low horizontal character to the entire city, occasionally vertically broken here and there by a praying tower or a minaret. — *Francis Keally*.

The Last March

Condensed from The Golden Book (June, '30)

Excerpts from the diary of Captain R. F. Scott

IN November, 1911, Scott began his sledge journey to the South Pole. Before him lay a journey of some 1600 miles of icy desolation — 800 miles to the pole, and back. Supporting parties, with crude motor sledges and dog teams, went ahead. Scott and the main party followed with pony-drawn sledges carrying food and equipment. The motor sledges soon broke down. The ponies suffered greatly from the weather and were at length shot and fed to the dogs. These, and men themselves pulling sledges, continued with loads for the depots which had to be established along the entire route against the return journey.

At the foot of the glacier the dog teams were sent back, and three sledge parties of men toiled up alone. At the top one sledge, with the weakest men, was sent back; and halfway from there to the pole a second party was turned home. Scott went on with his four hardiest companions: Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers, Dr. Wilson, and Petty Officer Evans.

They reached the pole January 18th only to find that Amundsen had beaten them. Bitterly disappointed, they began the dangerous homeward journey. "We have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition," says the diary, "and must face 800 miles of solid dragging — and goodbye to most of the day-dreams!"

Saturday, January 27. The forenoon march was over the belt of storm-tossed sastrugi (waves of crusted snow); it looked like a rough sea. Wilson and I pulled in front on ski, the remainder on foot. It was very tricky work following the track. . . .

Our sleeping bags are slowly but surely getting wetter, and we are slowly getting more hungry, and it would be an advantage to have a little more food, especially for lunch. If we get to the next depot in a few marches (it is now less than 60 miles and we have a full week's food) we ought to be able to open out a little, but we can't look for a real feed till we get to the pony food depot. A long way to go, and, by Jove, this is tremendous labor. . . .

Thursday, February 1. Heavy collar work most of the day. Did 8 miles, 4¾ hours. Working on past 8 P.M. we just fetched a lunch cairn of December 29, when we were only a week out from the depot. It ought to be easy to get in with a margin, having 8 days' food in hand (full feeding). Evans' fingers now very bad, two nails coming off, blisters burst. . . .

Saturday, February 17. A very terrible day. Evans looked a little better after a good sleep, and declared, as he always did, that he was quite well. He started in his place on the traces, but half an hour later worked his ski shoes adrift, and had to leave the sledge. The surface was

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awful. We stopped after about one hour, and Evans came up again, but very slowly. Half an hour later he dropped out again on the same plea. Abreast the Monument Rock we stopped, and seeing Evans a long way astern, I camped for lunch. After lunch, and Evans still not appearing, we looked out, to see him still afar off. By this time we were alarmed, and all four started back on ski. I was first to reach the poor man and shocked at his appearance; he was on his knees with clothing disarranged, hands uncovered and frostbitten, and a wild look in his eyes. Asked what was the matter, he replied with a slow speech that he didn't know, but thought he must have fainted. We got him on his feet, but after two or three steps he sank down again. He showed every sign of complete collapse. Wilson, Bowers, and I went back for the sledge, while Oates remained with him. When we returned he was practically unconscious, and when we got him into the tent quite comatose. He died quietly at 12:30 A.M.

Sunday, February 18. At Shambles Camp. We gave ourselves 5 hours' sleep at the lower glacier depot after the horrible night, and came on at about 3 today to this camp. Here, with plenty of horsemeat, we have had a fine supper, to be followed by others such, and so continue a more plentiful era if we can keep good marches up. New life seems to come with greater food almost immediately. . . .

Monday, February 19. We have struggled out 4.6 miles in a short day over a really terrible surface. It is perhaps premature to be anxious about covering distance. In all other respects things are improving. We have our sleeping bags spread on the sledge and they are drying, but, above all, we have our full measure of food again. Tonight we had a sort of stew fry of pemmican and horseflesh, and voted it the best hoosh we had ever had on a sledge journey. . . .

Wednesday, February 22. There is little doubt that we are in for a rotten critical time going home. Shortly after starting today the wind grew very fresh from the S. E. with strong surface drift. We lost the faint track immediately. Lunch came without sight of the cairn we had hoped to pass. In the afternoon, Bowers being sure we were too far to the west, steered out. Result, we have passed another pony camp without seeing it. It is a satisfaction to note that such untoward events fail to damp the spirit of the party. Tonight we had a pony hoosh so excellent and filling that one feels really strong and vigorous again. . .

Sunday, February 26. Very cold nights now and cold feet starting march, as day footgear doesn't dry at all. We are doing well on our food, but we ought to have yet more. I hope the next depot, now only 50 miles, will find us with enough surplus to open out.

Tuesday, February 28. Thermometer went below −40 degrees last night; it was desperately cold for us, but we had a fair night. I decided to slightly increase food; the effect is undoubtedly good.

Friday, March 2. Misfortunes rarely come singly. We marched to the (Middle Barrier) depot fairly easily yesterday afternoon, and since

that have suffered three distinct blows which have placed us in a bad position. First, we found a shortage of oil; with most rigid economy it can scarce carry us to the next depot on this surface (71 miles away). Second, Titus Oates disclosed his feet, the toes showing very bad indeed, evidently bitten by the late temperatures. The third blow came in the night, when the wind brought dark overcast weather. It fell below −40 degrees in the night, and this morning it took 1½ hours to get our footgear on, but we got away before eight. The surface was simply awful and we have done only 5½ miles. We are in a *very* queer street since there is no doubt we cannot do the extra marches and feel the cold horribly.

Saturday, March 3. This morning the outlook is blacker than ever. The surface grew awful beyond words. God help us, we can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess. Pulling on footgear in the morning is getting slower and slower, therefore every day more dangerous.

Monday, March 5. Regret to say going from bad to worse. We got a slant of wind yesterday afternoon, and going on 5 hours we converted our wretched morning run of 3½ miles into something over 9. We went to bed on a cup of cocoa and pemmican solid with the chill off. The result is telling on all, but mainly on Oates, whose feet are most wretched.

Tuesday, March 6. The sun is shining now and the wind gone. Poor Oates is unable to pull, sits on the sledge when we are track-searching — he is wonderfully plucky, as his feet must be giving him great pain. He makes no complaint, but his spirits only come up in spurts now.

Wednesday, March 7. A little worse I fear. One of Oates' feet *very* bad this morning; he is wonderfully brave. We still talk of what we will do together at home. . . .

Thursday, March 8. Worse and worse in the morning; poor Oates' left foot can never last out, and time over footgear something awful. We did 4½ miles this morning and are now 8½ miles from the depot — a ridiculously small distance to feel in difficulties, yet on this surface we know we cannot equal half our old marches.

Saturday, March 10. Things steadily downhill. Oates' foot worse. He has rare pluck and must know that he can never get through. He asked Wilson if he had a chance this morning, and of course Bill had to say he didn't know. In point of fact he has none.

Sunday, March 11. Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What he or we will do, God only knows. We discussed the matter after breakfast; he is a brave, fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him to march as long as he could. One satisfactory result to the discussion; I practically ordered Wilson to hand over the means of ending our troubles to us, so that any one of us may know how to do so. We have 30 opium tabloids apiece and he is left with a tube of morphine.

Monday, March 12. We did 6.9

miles yesterday, under our necessary average. Things are much the same, Oates not pulling much, hands and feet pretty useless. . . .

Friday, March 16 or 17. Lost track of dates. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother. He did not — would not — give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning — yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since. . . .

We are all cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and today we move dreadfully slowly. . . .

Sunday, March 18. My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose after all.

Monday, March 19. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and a half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. Today we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad — Wilson's best, my right foot worse, left all right. . . .

Wednesday, March 21. Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. Today forlorn hope.

Thursday, March 22 and 23. Blizzard bad as ever — no fuel and only one or two of food left — must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural — we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29. Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. The end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott.

For God's sake look after our people.

* * *

(Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them.

Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders and his arm flung across Wilson. So they were found eight months later.)

Repartee

Two suburban districts in London bear the names, Hampstead and Islington. They adjoin, and the same bus goes into each suburb. The conductor was announcing the arrival at the first of these two places, by shouting: "'Amstead! 'Amstead!"

"Pardon me," said Mr. J. J. Shannon, the famous artist, as he was getting off the bus, "Conductor, you've dropped something — the 'H' in Hampstead."

"That's hall roight, Sir," came the cheerful rejoinder, "H'I'll pick hit hup hat HISLINGTON."

Contributed by Ernest Wernick, Gloversville, N. Y.

Joseph Jefferson was once fishing, when a game warden approached and examined his catch, which consisted of one beautiful black bass. Then the warden said:

"It will cost you, sir, just $25 for catching this black bass out of season."

"I take a black bass out of season?" exclaimed Jefferson. "Never! Such an idea never occurred to me. I'll tell you how it happened," as he handed the warden a cigar. "That black bass was eating the bait off my hooks as fast as I could put it on, so I thought I would just tie him up where he couldn't get at it until I got through fishing." *Fowler's Toasts and Stories.*

Contributed by Evelyn Seid, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Henry Ward Beecher was once riding with Robert Ingersoll, when the latter asked him to write his epitaph. Taking a piece of paper, Mr. Beecher wrote, "Robert Burns."

Contributed by G. A. Gruman, Minneapolis, Minn.

Immediately after the Civil War, General Grant and a number of Northern and Southern officers were standing chatting when a darkey happened to pass and in doing so removed his hat to General Grant. Whereupon the General did likewise. It shocked the Southern officers, one of whom asked, "Why, General, do you take off your hat to a Nigger?" General Grant coolly replied, "I will not allow a Nigger to outdo me in politeness."

Contributed by W. T. J. Boyle, Los Angeles, Calif.

Some years ago, while travelling on a small steamer on a Florida river, my daughter and the captain were admiring the semi-tropical scenery. "Captain," she asked, "if I fell overboard what would you do?" Quick as a flash came the reply — "Well, madam, I would stay here the balance of my life and sell sweetened water at ten cents a glass."

Contributed by Robert Rawson, St. Augustine, Fla.

The late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was noted for his caustic wit and cutting sarcasm. A characteristic example concerns a political caucus which the Senator attended. He was trying hard to hear what the speaker had to say, but the squalling of an infant directly in front of him gave him little chance. At length he leaned forward, touched the mother on the shoulder and asked:

"Has your baby been christened yet?"

"No, sir, why do you ask?"

"Merely because I was about to suggest that if he had not been christened you might name him 'Good Idea'."

"'Good Idea,'" exclaimed the as-

tonished mother. "Why in the world such a peculiar name as 'Good Idea'?"

"Because," replied Lodge, "it should be carried out."

Contributed by Robert Simpson, Burlingame, Calif.

E. H. Sothern, the famous actor, tells this story about his father, also an actor of note several decades ago.

The elder Sothern was entertaining a group of actor-friends at luncheon at the old Delmonico restaurant. After the soup had been served, Mr. Sothern called his waiter and explained that he could not eat it. The man apologized for the quality of the dish and speedily brought another portion. Still the actor could not eat the soup; he now requested that the headwaiter be sent to the table. After listening deferentially to the complaint, the captain specifically ordered the waiter to bring soup that would be satisfactory.

More soup was brought, and Mr. Sothern still denied his ability to eat it. He sent for Mr. Delmonico. The famous proprietor heard the story from his headwaiter, and being proud of his food, walked up to Mr. Sothern and demanded:

"Why can't you eat my soup?"

"Because I have no spoon," returned the actor.

Contributed by Myers H. Hatchman, Ann Arbor, Mich.

It is stated that Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, while caressing another man's wife, was unexpectedly caught in the act by the woman's husband.

"Dr. Johnson," he exclaimed, "I am surprised."

"No," said Johnson, "you are astonished; I am surprised."

Contributed by C. F. Stoddard, Washington, D. C.

In the reconstruction days in South Carolina, a carpet bag judge without reason or justice, fined a young lawyer $10 in gold for contempt of court. One of the older and greatly respected lawyers at the bar, respectfully protested in behalf of the young lawyer, and was immediately fined $10 in gold also by the judge for contempt of court. Whereupon General Wade Hampton arose in the back of the room, came forward and put two ten dollar gold pieces upon the Clerk's desk. The Clerk passed the money up to the judge who asked General Hampton what the money was for. General Hampton, rising in the back of the court room, replied: "I just wanted to let the court know that I have twice as much contempt for it as anybody here."

Contributed by Tom Glasgow, Charlotte, N. C.

A lady once asked Charles Schwab for advice relative to investing in a certain mining stock.

"Mr. Schwab," said she, "will XYZ stock go up or down?"

Quick as a flash, Mr. Schwab, who was somewhat irritated by her persistency, answered: "Madam, I am *sure* it will — it can't go sideways!"

Contributed by T. R. Goldsborough, Merchantville, N. J.

We Expected a Fine Response—But the $100 Checks Surprised Us

ON the back cover of THE READER'S DIGEST for June, in pursuance to one reader's idea, we solicited $20 checks to make possible the sending of subscriptions for our Braille edition to worthy blind readers of Braille.

The gratifying announcement that has already come to us from readers, including two individuals' checks for $100 each to cover five subscriptions, leads us to renew herewith and emphasize our appeal.

A glimpse of the early correspondence aroused by our June announcement — and new replies are still accumulating as we go to press — will serve best to reveal the significance of this humanitarian work.

For instance, acknowledging Jules Breuchaud's gift of $100 for five subscriptions to be sent to the Lighthouse of the New York Association for the Blind, Miss Grace E. Keator, librarian of that institution, says:

"We shall indeed be delighted to receive the five copies of THE READER'S DIGEST, for it is giving more pleasure than anything that has been put into Braille for a long time."

The first contribution came from William B. Joyce, Chairman of the National Surety Company, 115 Broadway, New York, who wrote:

"I enclose my check for $20. I am a great believer in this form of charity and it gives me great pleasure to send this little donation. I certainly hope that the recipient will enjoy your interesting magazine as much as I do. Continued success to you."

The subscription paid for by Mr. Joyce is being sent to the Grand Rapids Association for the Blind, in response to the following letter from N. A. King, Manager of the Grand Rapids branch of the Western Adjustment and Inspection Company:

"I have just called the Association for the Blind in this city to see if they have access to your wonderful magazine in Braille. I find that they do not take it, but Miss Roberta A. Griffith, their executive secretary, remarked immediately that it was something she often wished could reach them. I am positive the Digest will make very, very happy not only those in the Association but all the blind Miss Griffith can help. I am one of your subscribers and would not care to miss a single copy."

From Tampico, Mexico, comes a check sent by E. W. Vale, who says:

"I get so much pleasure out of your fine publication that I wish to subscribe to the Braille edition to be sent to St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind, London. My friends for whom I subscribed in England tell me they are delighted with it."

And Mrs. S. M. Phillips of Sharon, Pa., also sending her check for $20, remarks,

"I hope I will be one of many in helping some one less fortunate than I enjoy this little magazine."

Our "little magazine," by the way, becomes a very large one in the Braille edition, for its contents, unabridged, are embossed in Braille symbols on large sheets of a special

paper, and the result is a cloth-bound volume bulkier than the largest telephone directory. This together with the expense of the process accounts for the $20 subscription price.

There is no profit either to us or to the American Printing House for the Blind in Braille subscriptions. We hope only that we may emulate the fine philanthropic spirit of our readers and, contributing our time and space, become a clearing house through which gift subscriptions may be forwarded to blind readers.

Let us restate, then, our appeal:

First, send us the names and addresses, with full particulars of age, education, etc., of worthy *blind readers of Braille* who would appreciate a year's subscription to our Braille edition.

Second, follow the generous spirit of those who have already contributed, and mail us your check for $20 to pay for a subscription to be sent either to any person or institution you specify or to a name furnished by some other reader. In the latter case you will be informed as to the recipient.

The following have so far sent Braille subscriptions:

Jules Breuchaud, 342 Madison Ave., New York City	$100
Richard W. Sears, 2nd, Chicago, Ill.	100
Helen G. Harmon, Southport, Conn.	80
Wm. B. Joyce, Chairman, National Surety Co., N. Y. C.	20
S. W. R., Cincinnati, O.	20
Johnson Bransford, Bransford Realty Co., Nashville, Tenn.	$20
Miss M. L. W., Easton, Pa.	20
Harriet K. Hammond, Dinard, Ille et Vilaiul, France	20
H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	20
Mrs. E. H. E., San Rafael, Cal.	20
Miss P. M. G., Hartford, Conn.	20
Fred C. Lyman, Bar Harbor, Me.	20
C. R., Berkeley, Cal.	20
Edgar B. Shriver, 6027 Drexel Rd., Overbrook, Pa.	20
Ellsworth W. McCullough, 3818 Jenifer St., N. W., Wash., D. C.	20
Mrs. S. M. Phillips, 290 E. State St., Sharon, Pa.	20
Vida Mae Kelly, Moundville, Mo.	20
E. W. Vale, Geological Dept., C. M. P. A., Tampico, Mex.	20
Rev. Joseph T. Kennedy, 313 Second St., N. E., Wash., D. C.	20
H. I. Keen, 3 Rue Taitbout, Paris (9e) France	20
Helen Veenstra, 1706 So. Logan, Denver, Colo.	20
Mrs. George M. Whitwell, 1781 Lanier Pl., N. W., Wash., D. C.	20
J. O. Tobin, Hibernia Savings & Loan Society, San Francisco	20
E. M., Wilkinsburg, Pa.	20
Leroy F. Hill, Alabama Motorists Assn., Birmingham, Ala.	20

"The Reader's Digest in embossed form has extended enormously the restricted literary horizon of the blind; it is their greatest boon since the establishment of the Matilda Ziegler Magazine in 1907." — Dr. O. H. Burritt, Principal, Penna. State Institution for the Blind.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE (p. 229), after graduating from the University of Virginia, went to the State Department in Washington. He became Third Assistant Secretary of State. He then laid the ground work for what was to become a classic—his "History and Digest of International Arbitrations," published in 1898. He became the first Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Columbia University, which position he held until 1924, in addition to various special service elsewhere. In 1898, for instance, he went back to Washington as Assistant Secretary of State and also to Paris as Secretary and Counsel of the Spanish-American Commission. Judge Moore has been on the panel of the Hague Court since 1913; and from 1921 to 1928 was a member of the World Court.

BURT M. McCONNELL (p. 230), newspaper and magazine writer, has had a varied and adventurous career — assistant cashier of a Battle Creek sanatorium; superintendent of a gold mine in Nome, Alaska; assistant to Vilhjalmur Stefansson on his Canadian Arctic expedition; participant in the rescue of the "Karluk" survivors from Wrangel Island, Siberia.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS (p. 237) is the author of several books on the early days of our country which have given him a place among leading American historians. His "Founding of New England" was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1922, and the five volumes with which he followed it have all been listed annually by the League of National Committee as among the 40 most prominent books published in the United States in their respective years. During the war Mr. Adams served both in England and the United States as a Captain in the Military Intelligence Division.

CHANNING POLLOCK (p. 240) is one of the foremost dramatists of our time, as well as an author and lecturer. At the age of 50 he has given us a score of plays, the best of which, outliving the attacks of sophisticated critics, have left an enduring impression both at home and abroad. Even Japan and India know "The Pool," first produced eight years ago; while "The Enemy," his latest production, has earned almost equal acclaim.

JOHN R. TUNIS (p. 237) for the past five years has been connected with the sports department of the "New York Evening Post." He was sent abroad recently by that paper to report the principal golf and tennis championships, including the Davis cup matches.

FRANK DOLE (p. 231), owner of the Edgewood Kennels (Metuchen, N. J.), and superintendent of dog shows in all parts of the country, has been Kennel Editor of the "New York Herald Tribune" for 20 years. He says, "My whole life is for the dog; and today I am a thousand times more interested in life than I was 30 years ago, and all because of the dog."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD (p. 236) is the author of many searching biographies, having written full-length studies of Lee, Darwin and Bleedy. Most of his books, however, are made up of shorter sketches (sometimes termed "psychographs"), among which are "Confederate Portraits," "Union Portraits" and, recently, "As God Made Them."

REGINALD T. TOWNSEND (p. 240) has been Editor of "Country Life" since 1926. Previously he was Editor of the "Red Cross Magazine," and Assistant Editor of "World's Work."

OWEN D. YOUNG (p. 242), lawyer, chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company and of the Radio Corporation of America; director of many companies, national and international in scope; unofficial adviser to the London Conference of Premiers, 1924; agent general for Reparation Payments, ad interim, 1924; director of the Council on Foreign Relations.

RALPH ARTHUR REYNOLDS (p. 243), a San Francisco physician, visited Russia at the invitation of the Soviet Minister of Health. Much of his information regarding Vienna was obtained at first hand during his 18-months' residence there in 1928 and 1929.

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE (p. 239), a South Carolinian, is well-known both as author and poet. Prose works include: "Old Plantation Days," "Plantation Game Trails," "Days Off in Dixie," "Heart of the South," "Children of Swamp and Wood." Among his collections of verse are "Under the Pines" and "South of Richmond."

HERBERT GORMAN (p. 232) began his writing career in his home town, with the "Springfield (Mass.) Republican," moving on in turn to the New York "Sun," "Post," "Times" and "Herald Tribune" (since 1927). His first book, "The Pool of Love" was published in 1920. Since then he has many titles to his credit, including "James Joyce," "Gold by Gold," "Hawthorne — a Study in Solitude" and "The Incredible Marquis" (a study of Dumas).

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (p. 240) — perhaps the best known literary critic in America — who can make a best-seller overnight by recommending a book, is Professor of English Literature at Yale University.

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT (p. 237), the English explorer, first went to sea at the age of 12, at 14 was a midshipman; then First Lieutenant and Captain. In 1899 he commanded the Antarctic (National) Antarctic Expedition; and in 1910 set sail again for the South Pole. This time he reached his goal, but the Norwegian explorers had beaten him to it. No more splendid, though tragic, adventure story exists than his day-to-day diary, written during the blinding blizzards and cold marches of his fatal journey back from the South Pole. It is printed in full in "Scott's Last Expedition," published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

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